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LIKE HIS WORK.

There entered one day the church of a certain obscure convent in Madrid, the name of which tradition has not preserved for us, Peter Paul Rubens, the great Flemish master, accompanied by a few of his chosen pupils.

It was a habit the master had, this of entering the various churches he passed on his way through the streets of the Spanish capital. But the visits apparently gave him little pleasure, for he always emerged into the street again inveighing against the barbaric want of taste displayed by the Castilian friars in their sacred edifices.

To-day the bare dismantled interior of the church to which he had penetrated offered him less inducement than usual to linger.

He was about to depart when his eyes happened to fall upon a canvas half hidden in the gloom of a tawdry chapel.

Rubens advanced quickly, stopped before the painting, and suppressed a cry of amazement.

His pupils were around him in an instant.

"What is it, master?"

"Look—look there!" said the author of the "Descent from the Cross," and pointed to the canvas.

It represented the death of a monk.

The monk was young, and his face had a beauty which neither long penance, nor fasting, nor the throes of death, had succeded in obscuring. He lay on the bare bricks of his cell, the one hand grasping a skull, the other pressing a wooden crucifix to his breast, and ever his eyes the death film had gathered.

In the background of this picture there was a second one. It hung over the narrow pallet, from which one inferred the monk had risen, to die with greater humility on the bare floor. It represented a beautiful woman stretched on a bier, shrouded in sumptuous black draperies, and with the light of wax tapers in tall candlesticks streaming in her dead face.

As the eye rested on these two scenes, the one contained in the other, the meaning of each, the fact that one complemented, completed and explained the other, forced itself clearly on the mind.

An unhappy love, dead hopes, a blighted life, a renunciation of the world—this was the mysterious drama reproduced on the canvas at which Rubens and his pupils now gazed.

And in drawing, in coloring, in composition, the picture attested the hand of a genius.

"Who can have painted this magnificent work, master?" came in a chorus from the master's pupils.

"There has evidently been a signature in this corner," said Rubens, "but it has been erased, and quite lately, I should judge. The picture is not more than twenty. As to the author, judging from the merit of the work, he might be Velasquez, Zubaran, Ribera, or that young genius, Murillo, of whom I am so much enamoured. But Velasquez does not conceive things in this way; nor is the coloring or composition in Zurbaran's manner. Murillo is more tender, and Ribera has a more sombre style; besides, the work does not belong to the school of either.

"No, I do not know the author, I am sure, and I should be willing to affirm that I have never before seen any of his work. I go still further. I do not believe the artist, unknown and perhaps no longer living, who has given the world this wonderful legacy, ever belonged to any school, or ever painted anything but this one picture, or ever could have painted another which would have approached it in point of merit. This is a work of inspiration, a personal affair, a reflex of the soul, a piece out of a man's life. But what a conception! Do you want to know who painted this picture? Well, that dead monk there!"

"Master, you are joking."

"No, no, I know what I say. To join certain monastic orders, you know, is to die, to all intents and purposes—to die to the world.

"Ah, you think—"

"I think the woman stretched on that bier there was the soul and life of that monk, that when she died it was his death, too; that he did die, in point of fact, to the world, from that moment. I believe this work represents his spiritual dying to the world of its author rather than his natural death. Accordingly, he may still be living to-day, and as in thirty years' time the traces of many a tragic episode have a chance to become effaced, I should not wonder at all if he were a very fat and jolly old gentleman. We must certainly look him up, and, above all, find out if he ever painted anything else."

An elderly monk was kneeling in an adjacent chapel. Rubens approached and asked him where he could find the prior of the convent. The monk rose to his feet with some difficulty.

"I am the prior," he said in a low, rather broken voice.

"Pardon me, father, for interrupting your devotions," said Rubens with the bright courtesy which lent so great a charm to his manner; "but can you tell me who is the author of that picture?"

"Of that picture? What will you think of me if I tell you I have forgotten?"

"What! You know, and you have forgotten?"

"Yes, my son. I have forgotten—forgotten completely."

"Your memory is poor, father," cried Rubens with an indignant tone of irony he did not try to suppress.

The prior turned from him without answer, and knelt down as before.

"Father, I am here in the name of the king," said Rubens haughtily. The pampered pet of royalty was little accustomed to this sort of treatment.

The monk slowly raised his head.

"What more do you wish, my son?"

"I wish to buy that picture."

"It cannot be sold my son."

"Then tell me, at least, where its author may be found. The king will want to know him, and I must congratulate him, tell him of my admiration—"

"All that cannot be. The author is no longer of this world."

"Not dead, father—not dead? And no one knew him—his name has been forgotten! It should have been immortal! it would have eclipsed mine—I am Peter Rubens, father," he added simply.

At this famous name, familiar all over the civilized world, and connected in the heart of every man leading a monastic life with innumerable religious paintings of marvelous beauty, the prior's pale face flushed, and his sunken eyes fixed themselves on the stranger's face with a look of veneration and surprise.

"Ah, I see that you know me!" cried Rubens, smiling with naive satisfaction. "Well, perhaps you will treat me better now. So, then—will you sell me that picture?"

"I must repeat it is impossible."

"Then do you know of any other work by the same hand? At least tell me when the artist died."

"You misunderstand me," began the prior. "I told you he belonged no longer to the world; but that does not signify—"

"He is living. Then I must know him."

"To what end? He has renounced all that belongs to this life—he has nothing more to do with the world. Let him die in peace."

"You ask a strange thing of me, father. When God lights the sacred fire of genius in a human soul, it is not that it may be hidden under a bushel and go out in darkness. It should accomplish its sublime mission and give light to other men. Tell me the monastery where this great artist hides himself. I will seek him out. He must be given back to his country. What a glorious fame awaits him!"

"And," said the prior, in a low voice, "what if he should refuse it?"

"If he should I should apply to the Pope, who honors me with his friendship, and perhaps his Holiness may convince him."

"Ah, you see I was right in refusing to give you his name, or that of the monastery in which he conceals himself."

"Then, father," cried Rubens, a flush mounting to his brow, perhaps the Pope and the King may be induced to break your silence. I shall see that it be done."

"Oh, no, no; you will not do this thing, Senor Rubens!" exclaimed the monk. "It will be wrong—very wrong. Take the picture if you like, but leave him who is at rest to the end. I speak in the name of God. Yes, I have known this great man, as I call him—loved him, comforted him, redeemed him from amid the waves of earthly passions and miseries, where he was drowning. There was a time when he had forgotten God. Now he is very near to eternal blessedness. Glory, fame! Do you know of greater ones than those to which he aspires? What right have you to seek to influence once more with earthly vanities a soul in which there now only burdens the love of God? Do you know the anquish, the bitterness, the supreme disillusions which led him to a realization of the utter vanity of all things here below? Would you drag him into the heat of the fray when he is so near to final triumph?"

"But this is to renounce immortality!"

"It is to aspire to win it."

"And with what right do you place yourself between this man and the world? Let me speak to him—let him decide—"

"With the right of an older brother, of a teacher, of a father—for I am all that to him—I am all that to him—I repeat, I do it in the name of God. Respect my right as you hope for the welfare of your soul."

And drawing his cowl over his head the monk glided swiftly up the church.

"Master" said one of Ruben's pupils who during the foregoing conversation, had been attentively scrutinizing the prior's features, "did it not strike you that there was a singular resemblance between that old friar and the dead monk in that picture?"

"Truly, you are right," said all of them in a breath.

"Subtract the wrinkles and beard, and the thirty years which the master holds have elapsed since the picture was painted, and I think we shall find that he was right when he said that the dead monk was the portrait of the artist himself, and, moreover, that it is the work of none other than the prior of this convent."

Rubens, sombre, shamed and deeply moved, looked after the retreating form of the old man. Before disappearing the monk turned, and crossing his arm on his chest bowed low to the painter.

"It is he—yes, yes," murmured Rubens. "Come, let us go. That man is right. What is the greatness that I have compared to his? Let him die in peace."

And with a last look at the wonderful canvas, he left the church, and repaired to the palace, where he was to dine with the king and queen.

Three days later, Rubens, alone and unattended, made his way back to the modest chapel once more, to see the wonderful picture, and to speak to the artist.

But the painting no longer hung in its place.

In the knave of the church stood a bier, and around it knelt all the members of the community, chanting the office of the dead.

The master approached. On the bier lay the prior.

"He was a great painter," said Rubens, after a long pause, filled by many mixed emotions. "Now is the time when he looks most like his work."

NELLIE THE DANGEROUS.

"My dear child, Nellie Middleton is not a coquette—at least, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. She has an exceeding desire to be liked, to be petted; to be something more than a mere acquaintance of those whom she admires. She is a general favorite among women, unless they change to be jealous of her—though how she manages that, doubtless you will soon be able to tell better than I; but with men, she has the art of finding out the thing in which you specially desire to shine, and to appreciate you in that thing. For instance, keen little thing that she is, she discovered what my wife don't know yet, that I am not very proud of my scribbling—think it, in fact, very poor stuff, indeed; but I like to be considered as a man of fine taste and keen perceptions and sympathies. It didn't take Nellie more than three times to find that, and she is always appealing to those supposed qualities. I know perfectly all the time she was playing with me; that it is only her way of making herself agreeable; that she isn't overwhelmingly anxious for my approval; that she isn't occupied when away from me in picturing to herself all my good and winning qualities, and yet I like it. When she is looking at me in her soft, appealing way, she can twist me around her finger."

Viva gave a little sigh.

"And you say she is coming this afternoon?"

"Yes; she will be here to supper."

Nellie came, dressed simply enough in black—a very pretty girl, fair, but not blonde, with brown hair, brushed away from the wide, calm forehead; gray, cheerful eyes, and a face in general outline of feature not altogether unlike that of Marie Stuart.

She was quiet, almost silent. The girls looked at one another as who should say: "Is this the paragon whom we were to dread?" and arched brows and pursed-up mouths in pretty contempt at me, not seeing, as I did, that Nellie was simply taking their gauge and a survey of her position.

She felt instinctively a certain standoffishness assumed toward her by the feminine element, and set herself to combat it; found in less than a week a hundred ways of being useful and entertaining. She was skillful in devising ways in which to afford the girls tête-a-têtes with their respective "particulars;" behaved, in short, more like a grandmother than a belle of 20; won them all over, even including Bell, who seemed to like her grudgingly and under protest, and then was ready for action.

During her week of quiescence there had been, though she had appeared unconscious of the fact, masculine observers. They had seen that she was not only lovely, but after that piquant fashion which depends much on expression, and keeps you busy studying it.

She sang sweetly, played well, conversed delightfully, had a keen eye and soft touch; grew on you, in short; strengthened her hold upon you day by day.

One thing, however, puzzled me—an unusual languor, almost timidity, in Nellie, and Otto Winstanley's almost incomprehensible conduct.

He had joined in none of the conversation anticipatory of her arrival, and when she was presented, there was a start and a sudden dark upleaping of color and feeling to his face as he muttered something about a previous acquaintance.

I think no one else observed this, or the fact that his indolent flirtation with Bell glowed with sudden and unaccountable ardor since Nellie's arrival. Perhaps, also, no one else remarked that he certainly treated Miss Middleton with downright rudeness and neglect, or thought to ask themselves if a man was apt to be rude and neglected towards a sweet and winning girl to whom he was perfectly indifferent.

But be that as it might, two slow weeks went, and I saw no more clearly into the mystery than I had done at first. But one evening Nellie came and sat down beside me in the twilight.

She sat very still, looked even paler than usual, and I caught myself pitying her, but at a loss how to manifest it, I remained silent.

Otto strolled in, and giving me a nod, sat down and began playing with Jup, the terrier. Having a vague idea that Nellie might be inclined to be more specific with him than me, I made Mrs. Polly do some one a good turn, for one of the few times in her life, and getting up a fiction about being wanted, left them alone. What afterward occurred I have from the best authority—Nellie herself.

They sat in the fast growing twilight, memories busy at the heart of each; pride struggling with a feeling that, during those weeks, had fast been growing too strong for it. Nellie, with bowed head and swimming eyes; Otto watching her, and with face softening in spite of himself.

Suddenly Nellie, rose with an air of desperation, and brushing past Otto went over to the piano.

As she reached it something rang out sharply—a click, as if something metallic had struck on the marble hearth.

Otto stopped to pick up something that shone in the red firelight just at his feet. She moved forward, as if to prevent him; stood then, as if paralyzed, as he held up a ring—a simple little thing—only a plain gold circlet, bearing some words engraved on it, hanging from a chain attached to a hook, like a watch-guard.

Otto looked alternately at it and Nellie, who stood by him, crimson and speechless.

Nellie was silent.

"Why did you keep it?"

"I wanted something to wear on the chain, and I don't carry my watch."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you cared for it, after all!"

"You thought differently when we were last together."

"I had reason."

"Answer, then. I ask you to judge yourself. Had I not reason? Would not any man have been justified in being incensed and outraged at your conduct?"

"I was very young, very thoughtless. I never dreamed that you really cared. It was pleasant to talk and frit, and I liked to vex you for the pleasure of reconcilement."

"A strange pleasure, that was pleased with the pain it inflicted on what it loved the best. A strange thoughtlessness, that permitted me no freedom, but claimed an unbounded liberty for yourself!"

"You have said all those things once," returned Nellie, with some dignity, "and it was painful enough to hear them once."

"I had no intention of reproaching you," answered Otto; "for out of the bitterness of the heart the mouth spoke. It is so miserable to look at you, and think what might have been, and how now we are hopelessly separated."

"Otto," said Nellie timidly, "don't you think we might be friends? You need not treat me quite as an enemy. If you have suffered, so do I; and you cannot think wat a pain it is to see the eyes that once were my light look so coldly on me. It makes me wretched. Let us, at least, be friends."

Otto looked at her earnestly, took her hands, and drew her toward him. Half unconsciously she sank down on the little stool at his feet, her head close to his hand, that, following its old habit, began to stroke the soft bright hair. Presently—

"No!" said Otto firmly. We can never be friends."

"You are forgiving."

"Very. I will not bate an atom of my just rights. I must and will have you for my wife, as you once promised me to be, or nothing. Mere cool friendship will not satisfy me."

"And I was not very obstinate," concluded Nellie, "as that was precisely why I came, knowing that he was here."

I have their wedding cards before me now. And now I am going to whisper in the ear of the public what I then thought.

Nellie dropped that ring on purpose.

Circassian Slavery.

Circassian slavery is a very old social institution in Circassia. Young girls were there taught at a tender age by their parents to look forward to it as their destination. Many went to Constantinople willingly, dazzled with the brilliant prospect held out to them of marrying a wealthy Turk; and so general was the consent of parents to this consignment of their tender children to degradation and infamy that the slave-dealer who came among the Circassians to purchase their offspring was usually looked upon as a benefactor.

Once in Constantinople, the poor creatures looked forward with certainty to becoming a wife of the Sultan, or at least of some very high and wealthy dignitary. But an infinitesimal proportion of them ever saw the face of the Sultan; large numbers we sold to Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, and even Persia, while many fell into bad an brutal hands. Even the palace of Stamboul fell very far short of fulfilling the anticipations of the few who entered it.

One day, during the reign of the late Sultan Abdul Medjid, an aged Circassian peasant presented himself at the gate of the palace inhabited by the Sultana (a Circassiad)' second wife of Abdul. The peasant announced himself as the father of the Sultana, and expressed a great desire to see her once more before he died. He was refused admittance, and the daughter's reply was, "I will not and cannot look upon the face of the man who hesitated not to sell me into slavery."

JOHNNY was visiting at his grandpa's farm.

He had seen the cows, and drank the rich milk, but had never seen the milking.

"Mamma," he said, "where does the milk come from?"

"From the cows, dear."

"How do they get it out? Do they pump it with her tail?"

A Genial Editor.

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THE MISER'S HAND.

One evening, in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked around with a hurried, frightful glance.

She paused at the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then, closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio, my Antonio—Adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back, said,—

"Girl, destroy not the life which has been given you! If you are unhappy enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing uncalled into his presence!"

The girl tried impatiently to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said,—

"Let me go! I must die in peace!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: An avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love. Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich innkeeper in Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs.

At length, this evening, her father, Giannettini, so far forgot himself as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, fled from her home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the very verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry.

Giannettini received his child with rude reproaches; and, bidding her retire to her own apartment, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart a young gondolier appeared at the door, and, furtively approaching her, said,—

"Dearest! Dearest!"

Giannettini rushed forward, shouting,—"Out of this! Out of my house, beggar!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Giannettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Do you not know that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly? Will you not, then, allow us to hallow your old age with grateful blessings, or must we water your path with tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggers for my grandchildren," said Giannettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should rich become so, too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of Heaven, do a great deal, signor."

"A lover's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforzo a cowherd."

The man in the corner had harkened attentively to this dialogue. He arose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said,—

"Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling, conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Giannettini.

"Well," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage, Signor Giannettini?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Pshaw!" said the unknown; "babblers are more tiresome than thieves! Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning to a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to say, an avaricious expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand!" cried Giannettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, the author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six thousand pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the innkeeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it."

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance at the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Giannettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendency gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him, and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break the silence.

An hour passed; then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Giannettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy.

"One favor more," he said; "who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"

"Men call me Michael Angelo!"

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

"Swift and Sententious."

Most men's lives are spent in getting what they don't want and wanting what they don't get.—[Philadelphia Call.

UNDER THE SHADOW.

"No," said the lawyer; "I shan't press your claim against that man, you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw, just as you please."

"Think there's any money in it?"

"There would probably be some money in it, but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls 'home;' but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"No, I was'nt frightened."

"I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off."

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved, likely?"

"No, I didn't speak a word."

"Oh, he did all the talking, eh?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you very hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah, he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through a crack of the door a cosy sitting-room; and there on a bed, with her silver head high on pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world just as my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking when she said—the point of knocking when she said—

"'Come, father, now begin.'"

"And then down on his knees by her side went an old white-headed man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began; first he reminded God that they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them they shouldn't rebel at his will; of course, it was going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with their poor mother so sick and helpless, and oh! how different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared to them; then his voice broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated; but at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their little home, that meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering if it could be consistent with God's will; and then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea that I ever listened to, and at last he prayed for God's blessing upon those who were about to demand justice.

The lawyer continued more slowly than ever:

"And—I—believe—I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night, than to stain my hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"A little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it," said the lawyer. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to God; and all of the pleading I ever heard, that beat it all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I'm sure I don't know; but I hand the case over."

"I wish you hadn't told me about that old man's prayer," remarked the client, twisting about uneasily.

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring, but I was taught the Bible straight when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to that you tell me about. I wish you hadn't heard a word of it, and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you are wrong again; it was intended for my ears, and for your ears, too, my friend; and it was God Almighty who intended it. My dear old mother used to sing a song about God's moving in a mysterious way, that I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it too," said the client, and he twisted his claim papers in his fingers. "You call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' that the claim has been met."

"'In a mysterious way,'" added the lawyer, smilingly.

The Pacific Railroad Bonds.

The July statement of the public debt of the United States shows the following facts in respect to the bonds issued by the Government to the Pacific Railroads:

1. That the outstanding principal of these bonds amounts to $64,623,512.

2. That the total interest on these bonds paid by the United States amounts to $72,793,030.98.

3. That the interest repaid to the Government by the companies, in the way of transportation service is $20,819,-87, and that repaid by cash payments of five per cent on net earnings is $103,-619,75.

4. That the balance of interest paid by the United States, and not repaid by the companies, is $50,869,620.36.

5. That the sinking fund, including bonds and cash, amounts to $8,647,252.23.

The Pacific Railroad Companies are, according to these figures, in debt to the Government, on bonds issued by them to the Government as security for those issued by the Government to them, and on interest paid by the Government but not repaid by them, to an amount exceeding $60,000,000. This is a huge debt; and how it will ultimately be met and disposed of is a question for the future to determine. Whatever may be the fact, the vast advantages to the country and the Government from the building of the Pacific Railroads show that the policy of Congress in regard to them was eminently wise. Private capital simply was not adequate to such a stupendous undertaking.—*The Independent.*

THE introduction of the megaphone on shipboard—a sort of telescope for the ear, or machine for magnifying sound—is said to be a boon in prospect for mariners. Its design is to enable a person to hear or carry on a conversation with people at a distance and it is constructed of two huge cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three in diameter at the large end, which diminish to an apex in the form of rubber tubes small enough so place in the ear. Between these tubes are two smaller ones constructed in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones the person can hear and can be heard at a long distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of breakers or carrying on conversation with persons on shore or on other vessels at a distance.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Largest Dynamo of the World.

The *Age of Steel* has been informed that the Brush Electric Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, are constructing the largest dynamo in the world. It will be 12 ft. or 13 ft. long, 5½ ft. wide, and weigh 10 tons. The dynamo will give a current of 122,500 amperes; number of watts, 245,-000. In other words, it will be four times the size and capacity of the "Jumbo" machine exhibited by Edison at the Electrical Exposition at Philadelphia. The latter was equal to the task of running 5000 sixteen candle-power incandescent lights. This monster machine of the Brush Company will be shipped to Lockport, New York, and used for the smelting of aluminium. Five hundred horse-power will be required to drive it, which will be furnished by water, with the aid of turbine wheels. From the particulars given by our contemporary it would appear that the dynamo in question will be the most powerful in existence; but the largest dynamo ever constructed is, to our knowledge, that designed by Mr. J. E. H. Gordon, and built by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, East Greenwich. Mr. Gordon's enormous dynamo was 13 ft. 4 in. by 7 ft., and its total weight 18 tons, the revolving magnet wheel alone weighing 7 tons, its diameter being 8 ft. 9 in. Its electrical power, however, is inferior to the new Brush dynamo, and it may be said that the latter represents four years' prog

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - AUGUST 19, 1887.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR TREASURER:
THOMAS E. HOWE, Cambria.

FOR COMMISSIONERS:
JOHN KIRBY, Johnstown.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR,
GEORGE W. EASLY, Johnstown.

FOR AUDITORS.
J. W. GRIFFIN, Munster Twp.
LOUIS ROLAND, Johnstown.

Democratic State Convention.

PHILADELPHIA July 23, 1887.

The Democratic State Convention to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, a candidate for State Treasurer, and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it, will meet at Allentown on Wednesday, August 31, at 12 o'clock noon.

The representation in the convention will consist of representative delegates, 1 for each 1,000 Democratic votes cast for Governor at the last Gubernatorial election, or for a fraction of 1,000 such votes amounting to 500 or more in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district, shall have at least one delegate.

DALLAS SANDERS, Chairman.
WILLIAM E. DANNEHOWER, Sec't'y.

THE official returns of the Kentucky election show a majority of 17,015 for General Buckner over Bradley, his Republican opponent. Buckner's total vote is over eight thousand less than Cleveland received two years ago, and Bradley's total vote is nine thousand more than Blaine's.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, the Kansas apostle of Constitutional Prohibition, delivered an address in the Opera House in this place to a fair y large audience, on last Monday evening. He spoke nearly two hours and those who heard him say that he is a vigorous and interesting talker. How many converts he made in the two wards of the borough will not be definitely known until after the November election.

THE State Revenue Commission met at Cresson on yesterday in pursuance of a resolution adopted prior to its adjournment at Atlantic City two weeks ago. It is understood that the sub-committee appointed to prepare a revenue bill to supply the place of the one passed at the last session, but which mysteriously lacked the signature of George Handy Smith, Speaker of the Senate, thereby rendering it void and of no effect, would be ready to make a report so that the Commission could proceed at once with its consideration.

WHILE it is conceded that the candidates nominated by the Republican Convention on Monday last for the different county offices to be filled at the November election are all respectable men, no Republican who knows when to come in out of the rain has the least expectation that more than one of them, we mean, of course, County Commissioner, has any chance of being elected. The Johnstown *Tribune* evidently thinks so when it says: "There was a contest, as will be seen, for the more important offices, which is strange, considering that the chances for an election are greatly against any candidate on the Republican ticket."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Boston slugger, who possesses more of the instincts of a brute than those of a man, was presented with a handsome gold belt studded with diamonds in the principal theatre of that city one night last week. There was a large audience present including the Mayor of the city, Mr. O'Brien, and members of the Common Council. Councilman Whall made the presentation in a lengthy speech in which he stated that the belt was a testimonial of the high regard in which the champion of the prize ring was held by his fellow citizens of Boston. Sullivan, who weighs 220 pounds, said in his reply to Whall that since he had been before the public he had done his level best to show his patriotic attachment for Boston. Sullivan then had a three round bout with Mike Donovan, of New York, and a set-to with Steve Taylor, of Jersey city. The belt is valued at $8,000 and Sullivan realized about $4,000 out of the benefit. All this took place in Boston which claims to be *par excellence* the seat of American culture and refinement. Simon Cameron remarked on an interesting occasion that "this is a h—l of a country any way," and this Boston performance shows that his estimate of its capabilities was correct.

THE Gladstone party achieved a great victory on Saturday last at the election in the Norwich division of Cheshire county, England, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the anti-Gladstone member. At the last election the Gladstonelites were defeated by a majority of 458, but on Saturday their candidate, Mr. Brunner, was elected by a majority of 1,129. The Tory candidate was Lord Grosvenor, a son of the Duke of Westminister, the wealthiest man in England, who exerted all the influence of his rank and money to secure the election of his son. Mr. Brunner, the successful candidate, in an address to the electors of the district on Monday, said: "You have won a victory for Mr. Gladstone for Ireland. The issue between the classes and the masses has been made absolutely clear for the first time. The significance of this message of peace to Ireland it is impossible to overate." The result of the election is regarded as a crushing blow to the Tory administration of Lord Salisbury and an omen of his speedy downfall. The Nationalists in Dublin and throughout Ireland are jubilant over the victory, and declare that the government cannot carry out its threat to proclaim the National League in the face of a defeat which completely changes the political situation.

The Allentown Convention.

There is not, so far as we know, a Democratic paper in the State that does not favor the adoption of a resolution by the State Convention which will meet at Allentown on the 31st instant, endorsing in emphatic terms the administration of President Cleveland. It could not well be otherwise in view of the unselfish devotion he has shown to the discharge of the duties of his high office, as well as the acknowledged ability and integrity he has displayed in administering the affairs of the government. No man questions Mr. Cleveland's honesty or doubts his patriotic determination to take care that the Republic shall receive no detriment during the four years for which he was chosen by the people to be their Chief Magistrate. More than two years and a half of that time have expired and so well and satisfactorily has he executed the weighty trust reposed in him that his renomination, if he lives, is a matter of absolute certainty. The name of no other man as a candidate against him before the National Convention next year is now seriously thought of or mentioned. Should the Allentown Convention, therefore, be content with an endorsement of his administration, or should it not in addition thereto formally and in distinct terms express itself in favor of his renomination? Our well settled conviction is that it should. It may be said that this would be premature and that the appropriate time for such action will be next year. Judging, however, from the tone of Democratic sentiment throughout the State which is not at all likely to undergo any change before the meeting of the National Convention, why should not that be done now by the Democrats of this State which is certain to be done by the Democracy of *all* the States in Convention assembled in 1888. It is true that the Democrats of Pennsylvania may not be able to give Mr. Cleveland her electoral vote, but for all that, their voice is still potent with the Democracy of the Union. The Allentown Convention ought, therefore, in our judgement to have the courage of its well settled convictions and in the platform it will adopt plant itself sqarely in favor of Mr. Cleveland's renomination.

WILLIAM B. HART, who was nominated for State Treasurer by Quay's Convention at Harrisburg on Wednesday, has rendered himself amenable to the laws against corrupting nominating Conventions. The Philadelphia papers of Sunday last announced that the delegates from that city to the State Convention had each received a circular letter "with the compliments of William B. Hart," and a railroad ticket to Harrisburg and return. In regard to this bold and imprudent defiance of the Constitution the *Record* of that city says: "Apart from the indelicacy of such a proceeding, the Constitution of Pennsylvania prescribes an oath for every State official, who before entering upon his duties must swear that he has not given or promised any money or "*other valuable things*" for the sake of securing his nomination or election. If it be true that Captain Hart has been making a general distribution of railroad passes among the delegates to the Convention charged with nominating a State Treasurer he has made his candidacy for that position impossible." The Sheriffs elected in two or three counties of the State have been prosecuted and turned out of office for doing in an other way just what Hart is charged with having done. He has made no denial of the charge and if he is elected he may have a peck of trouble in getting possession of the office.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE, of Cashel, Ireland, has sent by the Rev. P. J. Mac Donnell, of Chicago, to Father Riordan, of Castle Garden, New York, two flags made of Irish poplin and embroidered by the nuns of the convent at Cashel. The staves are of Irish ash, and both were blessed in the form prescribed by the Catholic Church. The Archbishop writes that one of the two is the American national flag for presentation to the Sixty-ninth Regiment of the New York National Guard. This is the first offering of the kind ever made by an Irish prelate to an American regiment. The other is the green flag of Ireland, with the harp and sun, surmounted by the words "Erin-go-Bragh," inscribed in Celtic letters. It is to be used as Father Riordan may deem best for the furtherance of his charitable work.

THE War Department received a telegram last week from the Governor of Colorado announcing the uprising of the White River Utes, near Meeker, Col., and asking the assistance of the United States troops in suppressing it. The telegram has been forwarded to General Crook, who has command of that military department, for such action as he deems advisable. He has full power to act in the matter and will send troops to the scene of trouble if thought necessary. There are plenty of troops just north and south of Meeker, and they can be utilized on short notice. The Utes are regarded as a dangerous tribe, and an uprising among them may prove serious unless promptly suppressed.

THE Republican State Convention which met at Harrisburg on last Wednesday was run precisely according to the schedule prepared for it weeks ago by Quay, and the outcome was, of course, the nomination of Henry W. Williams, of Tioga county, for Supreme Judge, on the first ballot, over Judge Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and the nomination unanimously of Wm. B. Hart, of Montgomery county, for State Treasurer. Col. Grimeson, of Franklin county, who was all along spoken of by his friends as a dangerous competitor of Hart, was so completely snowed under that his name was withdrawn before being crushed by the machine on a formal ballot.

THE man who does an honest day's work, from Monday morning until Saturday evening, is a true member of the Anti-Poverty Society, no matter whether his name is entered on the rolls or not.

Terrible Loss of Life.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—A Chicago *Times* special from Forest, Ill., says: All the railroads horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth last night, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria and Western road dropped through a burning bridge and over one hundred people were killed and four times that number were more or less badly injured. The train was composed of six sleeping cars, six day coaches and chair cars, and three baggage cars. It was carring 960 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls. The train had been made up all along the line of the Toledo, Peoria and Western road and the excursionists hailed from various points in central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, El'paso, Washington and, in fact, all stations along the line; some from as far west as Burlington and Keokuk, Iowa. A special and cheap rate had been made for the excursion and all sorts of people took advantage of it. When the train drew out of Peoria at 8 o'clock last evening, it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the six sleepers was taken, and the day cars carried sixty people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were required to haul it. Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough where the railroad crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down to it the first engineer was horrified at seeing that this bridge was on fire. There was no chance to stop. The first engine passed over in safety, but the bridge broke under the great weight, and the second engine and cars crashed through with their human freight. The cars were piled on top of one another in great confusion. On top of the engine were three baggage cars and crashing into them came six coaches, only the six sleeping cars escaped. Every passenger in the front car was lying dead or dying, and of those in the special car but four people came out alive. The third car lay on top of the second with many victims inside. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but many of the occupants were killed or maimed by the broken and twisted seats and timbers. Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying. There was another danger yet to be met. The bridge was still burning and the flames lapped over and around the wrecked cars, and to fight the fire there was not a drop of water and only some fifty able-bodied men who had escaped unhurt to assist in putting out the fire and helping the injured and dying. The earth was the only weapon to fight the fire and for four hours the fifty men fought like fiends to crush the fire with handsfull of earth. The accident occurred a few minutes before midnight and at nearly 4 o'clock the victory was won and the fire was put out before the sun rose on the scene of the horror. Help then began to arrive from the neighboring towns and the work of removing the victims from the wreck proceeded more rapid. As the dead were laid reverently alongside of each other out on the cornfield there were ready hands to take them into Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were carried to Piper City. One hundren and eighteen was the awful poll of the dead, while the wounded number four times that many. A full tally of the dead cannot, however, be told for days Chatsworth was turned into a morgue to-day. The town hall, engine house, and depot were all full of dead bodies while every house in the little village had its quota of the wounded. There were over one hundred corpses laying in the extemporized dead houses and every man and woman was turned into an amateur but zealous nurse. Over in the lumber yard the noise of hammers and saws rang out in the air, and busy carpenters were making rough coffins to carry to their homes the dead bodies of the excursionists who twelve hours before had left their homes full of pleasurable expectations of enjoyment they were going to have during the vacation which had just begun.

To add to the horror of the terrible catastrophe a suspicion exists, and there are many who give it credence, that the accident was a deliberately planned case of train-wrecking for the purpose of robbery. Whether planned or not, it is a truthful fact that the dead and dying were robbed of watches, jewelry and money as they lay in the wrecked cars. Even when the dead bodies were laid in the cornfield these fiends turned them over in their search for valuables. Who these guerrilas were is not known, but that plundering was done by an organized gang is believed, from the fact that sixteen empty purses were found in a heap this morning in the cornfield.

What Else It Will Do.

The *Sun* proclaims that "the repeal of the internal revenue will abolish the surplus." So it would. But it would do several other things as well.

The repeal of the internal-revenue system would show to the people that the Democratic party has so radically changed its principles and its sympathies as to exempt luxuries and indulgences from taxation and leave the burden on necessaries.

It would relieve whisky of a tax paid by manufacturers and dealers, too small to be subdivided among consumers, and leave a tax of 2½ cents a pound on sugar, 12 cents a hundred on salt, 2¼ cents per pound on rice, 67 per cent. on woolen clothing, 55 per cent. on earthenware and china, 61 to 100 percent. on window glass and 37 per cent. on iron and steel manufactures—all paid by the consumers of these articles. In other words, the repeal of the internal-revenue taxes would relieve a small and money-making class from taxation in order to retain war imposts on articles required and used by every man, woman and child in the United States.

It would perpetuate the war tariff, and that is the animating purpose of those who favor it. If this be Democracy, there seems to be no good reason why the Republicans should not be called back to administer the system which they built up and have stoutly defended in the interest of monopolies. —*N. Y. World.*

Pittsburg's $500,000 Fire.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 14.—The loss by last night's fire, according to a careful estimate just completed, will fall under $500,000. The walls of the Schnidt & Friday and the Hamilton buildings are found to be in much better condition than was thought possible.

The *Penny Press* building is damaged by fire and water about $9,000. The paper was yesterday afternoon issued from the *Post* building.

The *Dispatch* building is damaged about $2,500. The Masonic hall is in ruins, the loss being $80,000. The aggregate loss to the 150 tenants of offices in Schmidt & Friday's and Hanilton's buildings will reach $100,000. The total insurance is about $550,000. Hamilton and Schmidt & Friday are already engaged in removing the debris preparatory to rebuilding.

A meeting of the trustees of Masonic hall will be held this evening, when it will be determined to rebuild the old structure or erect a Masonic temple on the old site.

A MAN man belonging to Nicolville, having inadvertently swallowed a potaty bug, promptly sent a dose of paris green after it, and nearly killed himself.

Mr. Voorhees on the Spoils.

"With the exception of two or three helpless women, and perhaps the same number of crippled soldiers," said Senator Voorhees, "I have asked for the retention of no one in any position at Washington or anywhere else who did not openly belong to the Democratic church."

"You believe, then, that to the victors belong the spoils?"

"I do, most emphatically. Honest men labor for party victory because they believe the principles of their party are right, and if in the ascendant, will make the government better and the people happier. After securing the triumph of their principles at the polls who would expect them to leave the execution of those principles to their enemies? Such a suggestion can only emanate from party imbecility and political dementia. The more I have thought on the subject the stronger have become my convictions that Jefferson and Jackson were good Democrats, wise statesmen and knew they were acting for the best interests of the country when they turned their political opponents out of office."

"What do you think of Cleveland's course on that point?"

"Cleveland had an awful job before him when he went into office. He had a body politic to deal with which was filled—saturated, I may say—from head to foot with the virulent poison of the Republican party. For 24 years this partisan blood-poisoning of the government had been going on and nobody but a quack doctor would expect a complete cure in such a case in a single day, or a single year, or perhaps a single administartion. But if you think nothing has been done to eliminate Republican partisan poison from our political system, suppose you cast your mind's eye around over Indiana and see how many Republican office-holders you can find in this great commonwealth. There is but one Presidential post-office in the State which I can think of at this moment where a change has not been made, and if there is a fourth class postoffice in the State not filled by a Democrat it is because no Democrat has been found willing to take it. I have in my office also a list of about 150 young Indiana Democrats who have been appointed postal clerks in the railway mail service. It is time that the list ought to be longer, and I am laboring every day of my life to make it so, but it is a pretty good one as it is. Collectors of internal revenue, United States marshals and the district attorneys, with all their subordinates in the State, will be found to believe in the wholesome doctrine that those who carry elections shall fill the offices. In the wide and important field of pension work it will also be seen that Democrats are found worthy of employment in every branch of the service.

"These are some of the fruits which have been gathered in Indiana. I do not say the harvest is complete, but we have not been entirely idle. More will follow. There are some partisan Republican people in office at Washington, but sooner or later they will go. They would go now if I could have things my own way, but this is a world of concessions and we are called on every day to make allowances for the conduct of our friends which in every particular we do not approve of."—*Indianapolis Interview.*

The President's Tour.

President Cleveland's route has been determined on in a general way, and it is announced by authority from the White House he will leave Washington the last week of September and go directly to St. Louis, probably by way of Indianapolis. He will spend two days at St. Louis and go from there to Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville and Atlanta, reaching the latter place in time to meet his engagments for October 18. According to this program, the President will probably strike the South at Memphis, and go thence to Nashville and Atlanta, returning north through South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. His route will take him through fifteen or twenty States. He will see and be seen by more of the American people than has heretofore fallen to the lot of any President on an excursion through the country.

There is always a strong desire among the American people to see a President, and this is heightened when his course has attracted personal interest and confidence, which is true of Mr. Cleveland. *Harper's Weekly* this week in the course of an article on the President's tour says:

"The journey of the President, at the time when many Republicans are trying hard to arouse the bitterness of sectional feeling and to control politics by the passions of the war, will present a suggestive contrast. He represents the new Union of common interests and purposes and desires, and among them the speediest practicable dismissal of the controversies of the old Union. He represents the desire of the country for tranquil and honest government, watched, as he says of himself, with scrutiny to which no recent President has been submitted. He represents the epoch of happy transition from the old to the new, and the general feeling of good-will which is the prevailing sentiment of the country. It is unfortunate that the contrast should be invoked between the significance of such a representative and that of the sectional effort. Practically those who lead that effort assert that the President is going into the Southern States to propitiate the rebels, that he betrayed his sympathy with treason and rebellion by the order to return the rebel flags, that he has called rebels into his cabinet, and that he knows that he must owe his re-election to the votes of rebels. This is wretched business from intelligent Republicans. Not one such man who resorts to such desperate appeals believes that the President is a rebel, or consorts with rebels, or has any more sympathy with rebellion than General Sheridan, or Mr. Blaine or Governor Foraker. * * * Of the two, which will seem to a thoughtful American the surer guarantee of national peace and prosperity, the spirit which the President will represent in his tour, or that of those who make a national issue of the flag order?"

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessahtly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relelved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at E. James' drug store.

Tardy Recognition.

COLUMBIA, S. C. August 17.—After 26 years Governor Richardson is about to obey a joint resolution of the Legislature of 1861, which was endorsed and recieved by the Legislature of 1886, that is to present a gold medal as the gift of the State to General N. C. Evans of the Confederate army for conspicuous gallantry at Leesburg, Va., in 1861. This is the only testimonial presented by the State to a soldier in the late war. It will cost $600.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A Chicago lad a few days ago found a package containing $2,500. The honest boy returned it to the owner, who rewarded the honest little fellow by giving him 10 cents.

—John Jordan, who died at Jacksonville, Ill., the other day, was a comrade of Daniel Boone in the war of 1812, and enjoyed the friendship of that most famous of pioneers. Boone lived until 1820.

—Banker Helman, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is an Israelite, is about to present the Sisters of Charity with $20,000 toward the new orphan asylum which the Sisters propose to erect in Los Angeles.

—Last Saturday night Abraham Lincoln, of Washington, D. C., hit Martha Washington with a brick. They are both colored and Martha is even discolored where the brick ended its hostile journey.

—Miss Alice Henry, of Aspen, Col., discovered a large bear near her father's cabin recently. She was alone, but thought she could kill the bear. Taking a rifle she waited until bruin was busy devouring a pig and then lodged a bullet in his brain. He weighed 600 pounds.

—An aged negro blacksmith, who still does good work at the forge in Ozan, Ark., and who is known as Governor Pickens, is probably the oldest working blacksmith living. He was born in South Carolina March 7, 1787, was sold on the block in New Orleans, and taken to Arkansas in 1840.

—The Kickaboo Indian doctor whom a pretty Racine girl has just married is described as being about 50 years old, has only one arm, is hunchbacked, wears his hair a foot long, and moves along as if half dead. There is no telling by what sort of man a young maiden's fancy may be taken captive.

—In the opinion of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture that State will not grow more than one half the usual crop of corn. Illinois is one of the great corn States—the greatest of all we believe—and such a serious falling off in her most important staple will mean a loss of much money to her farmers.

—The man who claims to be the tallest person in America keeps a saloon in Buffalo. His name is Henry Alexander Cooper. He was born on the English coast between York and Scarborough, in 1860, and is 8 feet 2 inches in height. His hand is 13 inches and his foot 17 inches long. He is a good man, and he weighs 350 pounds.

—Celia Forbing, of Kenton, O., was walking through the new court house at Tiffin with some young friends. Suddenly she stepped up to the marriage record and dared any young man present to take out the papers and make her his. The challenge was accepted by a young man of the party and the knot was tied at Fostoria the same night.

—The Hartford *Post* predicts an early fall, and for these reasons: The locust sang a week earlier than has been noticed for years; the crickets were abnormally soon in their coming; the dahlia, which is an August plant, blossoms in July; the golden rod adds its willowy stock, with innumerable pods of blossoms, to the army that is beckoning to autumn.

—The Rev. I. C. Bagley, of Camden, N. J., was call upon recently by a stylish looking couple who desired to be wedded. There being no impediment, the pastor soon made them one flesh. Then the groom handed the clergyman a large official envelope marked "A present, with thanks." Upon opening the envelope Mr. Bagley found inclosed the sum of 10 cents.

—A horrible murder and robbery occured 20 miles north of New Albany, Indiana, on Monday night last, near Fredericksburg, Washington county. John Hertel and Daniel Wyninger, long-time enemies, met on the turnpike, renewed their quarrel and finally ended it by Hertel stabbing Wyninger to death with a huge butcher knife. Hertel then robbed the man of $2,000 and fled.

—A great fire occurred on Monday last in Seutari, opposite Constantinople, and for a time it was feared the entire city would be destroyed. The wind was high and the flames spread with great rapidity. One thousand houses and two churches were destroyed and two women and a child were burned to death. Thousands of persons are homeless. The Sultan has donated £3,000 for the sufferers and has appointed a relief committee.

—The police of Portland, Me., on Saturday last, arrested Mary Brown, known as the "Queen of the Cats." She was found surrounded by cats, thirteen being in one room, and one hundred or more about the place. She begged hard not to be separated from her pets, and seemed to believe she was to be killed. She is sick and insane. Not very much seems to be known about her except the fact of her insanity and her love for cats.

—Mrs. James Brooks, of North Modus, Conn., is more than ever convinced that there's truth in the adage that "To find a stray dog in the house is a forerunner of good news." On the Fourth of July she found a stray dag under her bed, and before the sun dawned she received the intelligence from her pension solicitor at Washington that her petition had been granted and that she would receive $2,388 as back pay and a monthly allowance of $12.

—The gold held by the Treasury in its vaults at Washington weighs 519 tons. If packed into ordinary carts, one ton to each cart, it would make procession two miles long, allowing twenty feet of space for the movement of each horse and cart. The silver in the same vaults weighs 7396 tons. Measuring it in carts, as in the case of the gold, it would require the service, of 7396 horses and carts to transport it, and would make a procession over twenty-one miles in length.

—William Carson, deputy sheriff of Conejos county, Colorado, well known throughout the West as the eldest son of the renowned Kit Carson, was murdered on Thursday by a Mexican named Vigil, a notortous character. Carson had a warrant for Vigil's arrest and when he attempted to serve it was asked to read it. While doing this Vigil snatched a gun and clubbed Carson to death. A posse is scouring the mountains in search of Vigil, who will undoubtedly be killed if he resists arrest.

—Amos and Bradley Townsend, cousins and suitors for the hand of Miss Eunice Laidley, near Point Pleasant, W. V., agreed to draw lots at the young lady's suggestion to decide who should have her. The young men met at Miss Laidley's house on Sunday of last week for that purpose. Bradley was successful and Amos started for home. He left Bradley and Miss Laidley sitting on the porch. A few minutes after he had disappeared a report of a gun was heard and the young lady fell dead beside her successful suitor with a bullet through her heart.

—Denny Wilcox, of Cincinnati, a lad ten years old, the son of Dan Wilcox, a life-saver and local oarsman on the Ohio river, has proved himself a hero from top to toe. He was out in the middle of the Ohio late last Monday evening with Lillie Reiner, a child eight years old, when the steamer Guiding Star came along and made waves that capsized Denny's boat and threw him and Lillie into the river. Denny swam to her, cautioned her to keep quiet, seized her by the arm, and with one hand swam through the rocking billows to the Ohio shore, and saved himself and her.

—The backbone of summer is broken in in Michigan, where they have had a frost.

—Official statistics show that of 3,000,000 men enlisted in the civil war there were killed in battle, 44,238; died of wounds, 49,205; died of disease, 186,516; died unknown causes, 24,184; total, 303,843. This includes only those whose death while in the army had been actually proven. To this number should be added, first, 26,000 men who are known to have died while in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, and many others in the same manner whose deaths are unrecorded.

—Gen. Miles well deserves the sword to be presented to him by the inhabitants of Arizona Territory on the anniversary of the surrender of Geronimo. He is to-day the most popular man in Arizona, and justly so. The difficulties which confronted him when he undertook the task af freeing that territory of hostile Apaches will never be understood outside of the district most interested in the result. His success has endeared him to the peopld of Arizona, who for the first time in years are free from apprehensions of Indian outbreaks.

—Emil Shoenberg, the supposed partner of John F. Betz, the millionaire brewer of Philadelphia, is accused of forgery to a large amount. He has been supposed to be Betz's partner in building an opera house, and was President of the Germania Brewing Company with $125,000 capital, but Betz now says that the partnership never existed; that Shoenberg's stock was paid for in paper with forged endorsements. Shoenberg's assets are $125,000 and his liabilities $300,000. Mr. Bezt loses $150,000, S. K. Nester $80,000, and others $25,000. Shoenberg, who is absent, will be brought back and prosecuted.

—Mink Hollow is the name of a locality in the breezy Catskill Mountains. On Saturday last a little daughter of William Curren, while picking berries near her father's barn, was pounced upon by a large bear, which seized her by her clothing and began dragging her off. Her cries for assistance brought a large dog to the scene, which made such a vigorous attack upon bruin that it was compelled to drop the little girl and give all its attention to the dog. This enabled the child to make her escape to the house. The whole countryside turned out to give chase to the shaggy brute. The dog was found half a mile from the scene, bleeding profusely, but the bear was missing. At last accounts tracks of the beast had been seen leading in the direction of a cave. The dog, always faithful, is now more prized than ever before.

—When Sister Ambrose, of St. Ann's Home for Old Ladies, at No. 908 Moyamensing avenue, Philadelphia, looked over the breakfast-room Saturday morning she saw that one of her charges was missing. This was Margaret Finney, sixty-three years old, who had been an inmate of the asylum for several years past. Thinking that the woman had been detained in her room the Sisters waited a short time, but when the woman did not appear Sister Ambrose called her. Failing to secure a response the Sister went to Mrs. Finney's room. Kneeling beside the bed the woman was found. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer, and her head was bent slightly forward. The Sister spoke to Mrs. Finney. No answer came. A moment later it was found that the woman was dead. It is supposed that heart disease carried her off while she was saying her prayers.

—Twenty-four years ago Peter B. Lessing, now constable of Pottsgrove township, Pa., was a member of the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and in a fight at Brandy Station, Va., had a hand-to-hand conflict with a rebel trooper, which ended in Lessing giving the Southerner two vicious saber cuts across the head and shoulder, so that he fell from his horse as if dead. The other day Lessing went to a circus at Pottstown, and the ringmaster's appearance attracted his attention. Lessing was surprised to find the same tall, slender, black-mustached individual looking him in the face who had done his best to cut him down at Brandy Station in '63. A moment later the two were shaking hands. The ringmaster owned that Lessing's saber cuts and a minie ball had relegated him to the hospital for a time with what were supposed to be fatal wounds, but he recovered, and was with Lee at Appomattox on the day of final surrender.

—United States Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, resides at Woodstock. On Friday last he was setenced by Judge Newman, of the county court, to pay a fine of $25 and be imprisoned for five days for contempt of court. A client of Riddleberger's was tried the day before for larceny and the jury found that he was insane. This incensed Riddleberger, and he is said to have given a boy $2 to haul Jones about the town with the following placard: "Verdict, Bill Jones not guilty but insane, jury insane, lawyers insane, court insane, in the main." On the motion of the State attorney the court ordered Riddleberger's arrest. Being brought before the bar he refused to sit down when ordered and was fined $25. He then defied the court and was sentenced to 5 days in jail. On Saturday at 2 o'clock A. M. a mob of 100 partisans released Riddleberger by means of ladders. On Sunday he returned to jail voluntarily.

FOR THE BLOOD
BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. RUGGLES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anæmia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

MR. WM. BYRES, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."

MR. W. W. MONAHAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with Impure Blood and eruption on my face—two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

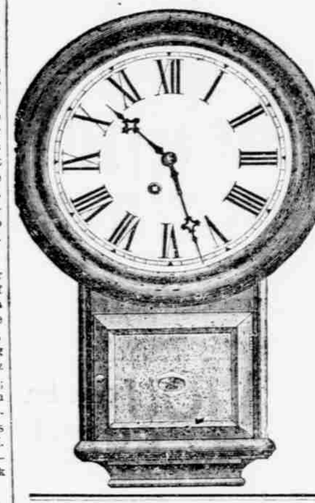
A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



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—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
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Optical Goods.
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—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
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LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE
Best In The World

For large or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 55 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and 90 gr. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. Prices reduced. BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, world renowned. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 45. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from $18.00 up. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Two targets made with one of our 22 calibre rifles, twenty consecutive shots after fifty shots had already been fired and no cleaning during the entire seventy shots. These guns carry off nearly all the prizes at target matches because they are always accurate and reliable.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. FOR MEN ONLY Over Ten Thousand Trial Packages mailed to Feb. 1887, and were rendered so health by use of HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES. A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Physical Decay in Young or Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases, they absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down sons to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health. To those about to marry: Free from the use of mercury or anything hurtful. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles, and all spurious imitations, whose only aim is to injure their victims. Each box of these Pastilles contains 60 in a vial, and is sold by druggists at $1 per box, or six boxes for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists. Address HARRIS REMEDY CO., 306 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo. RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliance. Ask for Terms.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Depsit,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL HIS FARM known as the LUCKETT FARM, situate in Munster township, Cambria county, containing about
90 ACRES, ABOUT 60 ACRES CLEARED,
having thereon erected a good frame house and frame barn. The farm is in a fine state of cultivation, is well watered and has a good orchard of bearing fruit trees. The farm is within three minutes walk of Luckett's Station on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.
For further particulars inquire of George M. Reade, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa., or of the undersigned on the premises.
JOHN MURPHY.
July 29, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Margaret Kelly by her next friend Thos. McCabe vs. Peter Kelly. } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 18, December Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY, IN CAMBRIA, ss.
THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
To PETER KELLY, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, that you personally be and appear in your proper person before our Judges, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the 1st Monday of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Margaret Kelly, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Peter Kelly, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court; and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril. Witness the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1887.
H. A. SHOEMAKER, Prothy.
Ebensburg, July 29, 1887.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION,
RELIABLE REMED. For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Bilious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

It is certain in its effects It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by *assisting*, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. *Sold by druggists everywhere.*
Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.
500 farms, 20 to 10,000 acres at $2 to $25 per acre. Good markets. Healthy climate. Favorable prospects. Write for printed matter containing description. Sent free. PYLE & DeHAVEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Petersburg, Va.

PATENTS
HENRY WISE GARNETT, Attorney-at-Law,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Refers to 2d National Bank, Washington, D. C.
SEND FOR INVENTOR'S GUIDE.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, · AUGUST 19, 1887.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Squire T. J. Stevens, of Gallitzin, took a look at our town on Monday.

—Mr. John McBreen, bartender at the Mair House, is enjoying a week's vacation.

—Studies will be resumed at St. Francis' College, Loretto, Pa., on Monday September 5th.

—Mr. L. P. Leech, of Minnesota, is visiting Prof. J. W. Leech, his brother, at this place.

—Quite a number of people from this place attended campmeeting at Wilmore on Sunday.

—Mr. Christian Walters, one of White township's No. 1 citizens, was in town on Wednesday.

—Mrs. Thomas Finnegan died at her home in South Fork on Tuesday. She was about fifty years of age.

—Messrs. George and Boyd Foster, of Greensburg, are the guests of Mr. John Sechler, of this place.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones and son, Cyrus, started for Atlantic City on Thursday, where they intend spending a few days.

—Mr. John Larimer and family, of Minneapolis, Minn., formerly of this place, are visiting relatives and friends.

—Dr. I. P. Strittmatter, of Philadelphia, paid a visit of several days to his parents in Carroll township, last week.

—A party of young folks from this place started for the woods on Wednesday for the purpose of camping out for a few days.

—Mr. Sherman Evans and Mr. Alf. Evans, who have been visiting at their homes in this place, returned to Kane on Sunday last.

—Rev. Francis Kettle, brother of Mr. Andrew Kettle, of Gallitzin, celebrated his first mass at Hollidaysburg, on Sunday last.

—SEED WHEAT! SEED WHEAT!—Seven hundred bushels for sale at T. L. Parrish's farm in Allegheny township, near Loretto.

—A little daughter of Mr. S. J. Humphrey's of the *News*, has been lying very ill for the past ten days, with no hopes for her recovery.

—Bogus tea and coffee peddlers are swindling the residents of neighboring counties. They will soon be here, look out for them.

—On Saturday last the executor of John Long, deceased, of Jackson township, sold his farm at public sale to J. A. Long son of the deceased, for $2,200.

—Harriet Smith, a Lewistown colored girl, ate thirteen ears of corn one day last week and then climbed the golden stairs. A dozen is enough for anybody.

—The game of base ball played at this place on Friday last, between the Jefferson nine and the Stars of this place, resulted in the score of 25 to 5 in favor of the Stars.

—Ollie, the bright and interesting eight months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Denny, of the Mountain House of this place, died from cholera infantum, on Thursday of last week.

—We have been requested to state that Mrs. L. T. Lathrop, of Michigan, a well-known temperence advocate, will deliver an address in the Opera House in this place, on Tuesday, August 30th.

—John S. McKiernan, Esq., of Clearfield county, has been appointed a special examiner in the Pension office, under civil service rules. He has been a 'squire in Clearfield county for several years.

—John Sommerville, one of Susquehanna township's good looking citizens, was in town on Tuesday. He was hunting material for a hammock and we judge intends to take it easy for the balance of the season.

—A large, white horse, about sixteen and half hands high, small scar on the left hind leg between the pastern and the knee, was stolen at Bedford last week. A reward of $50 is offered for the horse and thief.

—It doesn't take a Republican Convention in this county long to bounce an old soldier when he runs for office. There were four old soldiers candidates before their convention but not one of them got a smell.

—George Schurck, a coal miner employed by Messrs. Taylor & McCoy at their mines near Gallitzin, was killed on last Friday morning by a fall of coal. He was thirty-three years of age and leaves a wife and two children in the old country.

—Mr. Thomas H. Heist, of Maple Park, intends building an extensive carp pond this fall on his farm about a mile west of town, on the Indiana pike. He has a good location for a pond and we hope it may prove a profitable enterprise.

—Mr. Lester Larimer, of this place, one day last week, passed a successful examination for the position of fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad and on Monday last started to work. He is firing on the mountain between Altoona and Conemaugh.

—A large quantity of earth and rock fell from the high bluff at Conemaugh on last Friday evening, on the track of the Pennsylvania railroad just after Fast Line east had passed. Had it occurred while the train was passing it would have caused a bad wreck.

—Hon. A. A. Barker, of Ebensburg, Cambria county, delivered an address upon Prohibition in the Court House on Tuesday evening. There were not two dozen persons present. The address was able and eloquent and the speaker deserved a crowded house.—*Bedford Gazette.*

—Hon. John Fenton, of this place, had an attack of vertigo on the pavement near his house, opposite Mr. Robert Evans' furniture warerooms, on Monday evening and fell, cutting his face severely. He was taken to his home where he soon recovered, but will have the marks from the fall for several days.

—Miss Sadie L. Stevenson, of Allegheny, who has been spending the past month with her friend Miss Nenie Roberts, of this place, will return to her home on Monday next. Miss Stevenson has made many friends while here and her departure is looked upon with regret by the young people of our town.

—A new swindling scheme in the State is the "spectacle racket." Two men take to the county towns, one styling himself a partner of some well known city oculist. They tell the people that they need glasses and examine the eyes and "prescribe" a pair of spectacles for $2. The glasses are worth less than 25 cents.

—While G. H. Logan, of Carbin township, Huntingdon county, was burning brush, a few days ago, a log started rolling down the hillside toward him. He tried to jump over it, but the log struck him, threw him into the burning brush, and held him fast in the fire, where he would have burned to death, had but a neighbor heard his cries and hastened to his rescue.

—On Thursday afternoon of last week, during a thunder storm, while Joseph Donahoe was driving a four-mule team belonging to Mr. Albert Long, of Jackson township, along a public road in that township the off lead mule was struck by lightning and killed. The balance of the team and the driver escaped unhurt. The mule was valued at $150.

OUR DRY GOODS REPORT.

Never in the history of the dry goods trade of Altoona has such wonderful bargains in almost every line been offered as Gable & Co. (at their store No. 1402 Eleventh avenue), are now offering. They are selling beautiful Check Scotch Zephyr Ginghams at 12½c. per yard. They are selling 38 inch wide Dentelle Dress Goods at 12½c. per yard (worth 50c. per yard), this they do to close out the balance of these lines and no more can be had this season at such low prices. They are selling the regular Doublefold plaid Dress Goods (50c. quality) at 25c. per yard and the 25c. quality at 12½c. per yard. These embrace all the latest styles of Plaids. They are selling short lengths of silks that average from 2 yards to 13 yards, at 35, 50 and 62½c. per yard, that are the 75c. and $1 qualities. These silks are in blacks and colors, and are a very cheap lot of goods. They are selling Lace Curtains (slightly soiled) for $1.75, $2.00 and $3.00 per pair, that are regular $3, $4 and $5 quality. They are new and pretty patterns. They are selling new style figured Serim at 7c. a yard that you see marked 15, 17 and 18c. elsewhere. They are selling the balance of their stock of Parasols for less than it cost to make them. They are selling fine Canvas and Leather Belts at 5 and 10c., worth 25c. They are selling short lengths of Colored Cambric at 3c. a yard.

Then you know they keep a line Cassimeres at low prices—splendid goods for Mens' and Boys' wear at 50 cents and $1.00 per yard. Then look at their 17c. pants goods—better than you will find anywhere else for 25c. a yard—much better, and only 17c. a yard. No matter where you go in their store you see bargains—bargains in Black Cashmeres, 50c. to $1 a yard; Carliers, the best in the world. Best value in Black and Colored Silks, 72c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard. Best value in all kinds of Dress Goods. We are selling better muslin for the money (from 5c. to 10c. per yard) than you will find anywhere else. Best value in Prints. Best value in Satines. Best value in Seersucker.

WM. F. GABLE & CO., 1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PENN'A.

—The vote in West Taylor township, on Saturday last, to change the place of holding the elections, resulted in twenty votes for the proposed change and seventy-eight against it.

—The Westmoreland County Fair will be held at Greensburg from October 11th to the 14th, and will include horse races and a dog show. A cavalcade of stock will take place, and a cavalcade of prize stock will signalize the last day.

—An effort is being made to have a post-office established at Flynn City, in Reade township, along the line of the Cresson and Coalport railroad. It would prove a great convenience to the people in that vicinity and should be established.

—The following persons can each receive a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post-office: Miss Mattie White, Miss Mary Kolson, Miss Mary E. Murphy, Miss Mary E. Jones, Mr. Reese Roberts, Mr. H. Strobridge and Mr. Florence Willongbrand.

—Judge Krebs, of Clearfield county, gives notice through the county papers that he will excuse no persons summoned as Traverse Jurors except for physical inability to serve and that must be shown by the certificate of a reputable physician.

—Messrs. Lawrence and Frank Kruise, John Kutruff and John Linhart, while feasting on huckelberries on Sunday last near St. Lawrence, in Chest township, amused themselves between times by killing eighty-nine rattlesnakes, and it wasn't a good day for snakes either.

—The officers of the Jackson Township Oil Co., Limited, met at the residence of Mr. P. A. Cobaugh on Tuesday and let a contract to Mr. Anderson, of Butler county, to sink a hole twenty-two hundred and fifty feet, at the rate of $8.75 a foot. The well to be completed before January 1st, 1888.

—A tramp who was stealing a ride on a freight train on Monday last near South Fork, reached down to strike a match on the end of the iron bull-head when the cars came together and mashed his right hand and wrist so badly that the hand had to be amputated. He was taken to the Altoona Hospital.

—The harvest has been gathered and the whistling winds give notice that fall will soon be here. If you want to buy fall clothing, go to the clothing store of Messrs. McConnell & Saupp, St. Lawrence block, corner of Eleventh avenue and Fourteenth street, Altoona, where you will find a large stock of fashionable goods sold at the lowest prices.

—The gutters on High street where Mary Ann street crosses, are in a bad condition and the borough fathers should see to it that they are repaired. It is almost impossible to drive across with a buggy or spring wagon without wrecking the vehicle, and unless they are repaired before long the borough will be liable to a prosecution for damages.

—At the boot and shoe store of R. L. Davis, in this place, you will find the nicest lot of boots and shoes to be found in the town. He has just opened up a new lot of gentlemen's shoes that for ease and comfort cannot be beat. All his stock is of the best class and warranted to give satisfaction. His stock of ladies' misses' and children's shoes contains every thing desirable in that line.

—The Altoona *Times* says: For over six months a little son of Mr. John Gurran, of Hollidaysburg, has suffered from a stoppage of the nose, with offensive and bloody discharges, supposed to arise from the puncture of a fork. In a consultatation with Dr. Sadler on Tuesday, at the Logan House, he determined it necessary to remove the fleshy growth that had grown up in the nose, and with it he removed a large shoe button that had been the sole cause, and so far baffled the skill of all treatment. A speedy cure will follow.

—Mr. James P. Murray, an old and highly esteemed citizen of this county, died at the residence of his nephew, Dr. John Murphy, in Loretto on Saturday last, aged about 85 years. Mr. Murray was a native of Ireland and came to this country about forty years ago and for a number of years resided on a farm in Jackson township, removing from there to this place where he was engaged in merchandizing about twenty-five years ago. He removed from here to Tunnelhill where he followed the same business for a number of years. He was a brother of Mr. Robert Murray who died in this place about a year ago.

—The Democracy of Blair county met in Hollidaysburg on last Monday morning and nominated the following ticket: County Commissioners, James McIntosh, of Altoona, and C. B. Jones, of Gaysport; Poor House Director, George B. Smith, of Huston township; County Auditor, A. J. Filler, of Newry. Delegates to the State Convention, H. A. McFadden, of Hollidaysburg; H. E. Bonsall, of Tyrone; John Dumphy, of Altoona, and Augustus Landis, of Hollidaysburg. Dr. R. W. Christy, of Sabbath Rest, was re-elected Chairman of the County Committee. A. V. Dively, of Altoona, was elected a member of the State Committee.

—John Hoyer, of Summerhill, who is employed at Scott & Sons' coal mines near that place, while shifting cars near the tipple, on the siding from the mines to the Pennsylvania railroad, on last Friday evening was thrown from the car on which he was standing, by a sudden jolt, and before he could get from under the wheels had his left leg crushed. He was carried to a neighbor's house and Dr. Lowman, of Johnstown, was summoned by telegraph who, assisted by Dr. Green, of Summerhill, amputated the injured leg about three inches below the knee the same evening. Hoyer is about 27 years of age, unmarried and is the son of Mr. Jacob Hoyer, a farmer residing in that neighborhood. At last accounts Mr. Heyer was resting easily and getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

—On Sunday last Mr. Scuyler Davis, Mr. Charles Stough, Miss Minnie Stough and another young lady a relative of Miss Stough's, drove from this place to Wilmore, to attend the campmeeting, in a two-horse carriage. When about starting home the horses got frightened at the sudden whistling of a passing freight train and started to run, making a short turn, upsetting the carriage and throwing the occupants out. All escaped serious injury excepting Miss Stough, who was picked up insensible and so badly hurt about the head and back that she could not be brought home until the next day. She has been confined to the house ever since, but will soon be able to be out again. Mr. Davis who was driving, held on to the team and was dragged some distance before he got them checked, but escaped without being hurt.

—The chestnut crop gives every promise of being a large one.

—The corn crop in this county will be the best for a number of years.

—The hum of the threshing machine now brings delight to the ear of the farmer.

—A new brick pavement is being laid in front of the Mountain House on Centre street.

—A hotel to cost $200,000 will be erected at Bedford Springs. Pittsburgh capital is backing the enterprise.

—An exchange remarks that "it is strange, but true, that the politest man at the festival is the greatest hog at home."

—Eighty thousand men constitute the employes of the Pennsylvania railroad Company's system of roads in the United States.

—Thomas J. Smelton, of Tyrone, a brakeman on the P. R. R., had his hand amputated while making a coupling at Derry on last Friday night.

—Capt. H. K. Sloan, of Indiana, will deliver the oration at the re-union of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserves in Butler, on September 21st.

—All farmers who can easily and conveniently do so, should put a watering-trough on the road for public convenience and receive a recompense therefor on his road tax.

—There is a law requiring guide boards at all cross roads, and imposes a fine of $10 on supervisors for neglecting to keep them up. Are all our supervisors aware of this fact?

—Mr. Philip Stoltz and wife, of Carroll township, passed through this place on Thursday, on their way to Latrobe on a visit to their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bosler.

—While feeding a separator one day recently, John George, of Burlington township, Indiana county, had his hand badly torn and mutilated by coming in contact with the spikes in the cylinder.

—While at work on Thursday of last week, Christ Wallace, a farm hand employed at Level Green, Penn township, Westmoreland county, had his foot torn off by a steam thresher. He resided at Radebaugh station, to which place he was removed.

—Wm. Barnhart, a rich farmer of Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland county, was swindled out of $1000 on Friday last, by confidence men who succeeded in escaping. One of them registered at Greensburg the night before as G. C. Connelly, of Pittsburgh.

—Mrs. Margaret Jones, widow of Morris Jones, deceased, an old lady residing in the East ward, slipped on the platform of the well in her lot on Wednesday, and falling against the spout of the pump, fractured three of her ribs. Mrs. Jones is upwards of 80 years of age.

—The remains of Z. L. Hoover and Calvin Johnson, Clearfield county, who were drowned in Tillamook Bay, Oregon, on July 4th, and of which an account was published in the FREEMAN at the time, were brought home for interment, arriving at Clearfield on Monday last.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Seashore Excursions--The Last of the Season.

The last of the series of excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May or Sea Isle City, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will be run on Thursday, August 25th. The immense popularity which these delightful holiday trips have won is indisputable evidence not only of the merit of these excursions, but of the universal attractiveness of these great resorts. The last one of the season comes at a time when the seashore has reached the zenith of its summer glory. Everybody will will be there, and everything that the seashore has to offer in the way of enjoyment will be in the pink of condition to afford the greatest amount of pleasure. Neither of the resorts mentioned were ever so well equipped for accomodating the host of visitors as they are at present, and no time in their history were they ever so attractive. This excursion will undoubtedly be the largest as well as the most desirable one of the series, and no one should miss the opportunity it affords. Those who have gone already may go again with the greatest satisfaction, while those who have not should remember that it is the last. The tickets will be good for ten days, and the fare from Cresson will be $8.50, the train passing that point at 11:56 A. M.

Excursionists will spend the night in Philadelphia and proceed to the seashore by any regular train of the next day. For detailed information consult the nearest ticket agent.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 17, 1887:

John Felamchik and Mary Haky, Cambria.

Harry Benstell, Huntingdon, Pa. and Katie Smitt, Johnstown.

Alfred Morgan, Conemaugh and Susan Moran, Bennington.

Richard R. Tibbott, Ebensburg and Nancy C. Bheam, Morrellville.

Joseph Preiser and Catharine Kreitzer, Barr township.

John Boehovisky and Mary Voskovisky, Cambria.

Harry O'Neil, Cambria and Ella B. Zimmerman, Johnstown.

William Procter, Allegheny, Pa., and Martha A. Long, Prospect.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Suit, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at E. James' drug store.

The Skin Can be Kept Soft, White,

and free from taint of perspiration by adding Darbys Prophylactic Fluid to the water used in bathing. It removes all offensive smell from the feet or any part of the body. Used as a tooth-wash it will harden the gums, preserve the teeth, cure tooth-ache and make the breath pure and sweet. Cures chafing and inflamation, Piles, Scald Feet, Corns, etc.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,

The best salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, of Lorette.

The Republican Convention.

The Republican County County Convention met at the Opera House, at one o'clock on Monday afternoon and was called to order by Mr. F. H. Barker, the chairman. After calling over the districts and examining the credentials of the delegates the convention proceeded to business by electing H. H. Kuhn, Esq., of Johnstown, as president of the convention.

For Treasurer, Samuel W. Davis, of Ebensburg; D. Gallitzin Myers, of Ashville and D. K. Wilhelm, of Washington township, were nominated, but before the convention proceeded to ballot Alvin Evans, Esq., who was a delegate from the East ward, Ebensburg, in the "interests of harmony," as he said, withdrew the the name of Samuel W. Davis. They then proceeded to ballot when D. Gallitzin Myers "harmoniously" knocked the wind out of D. K. Wilhelm by a vote 63 to 48.

For County Commissioner, D. G. Lloyd, of Ebensburg; David Hamilton, of Johnstown; Samuel Patterson, of Barr township; Edward Owens, of Cambria township; Vincent Reig, of Carroll township; Augustine Craver, of Susquehanna township; M. Hoffman, of Richland township and George Grambling, of Adams township, were named. D. G. Lloyd, of Ebensburg, was nominated on the first ballot, David Hamilton second, and George Grambling third, the balance out of the race.

As two commissioners were to be nominated it was here that the fine work was to be got in. David Hamilton got away with S. W. Davis three years ago, and if renominated the probabilities would be that he would get away with with Mr. Lloyd this time. Every effort was made to boost up Grambling and he was nominated on the next ballot. The delegates from Cambria township voted early, before they understood the programme, but after receiving their instructions, at the end of the ballot asked to have the votes changed to Grambling, which was done. Mr. Grambling received 48 votes and Hamilton 39. Mr. Grambling, having received a majority of the votes cast, was nominated.

For Poor House Director, Simon Kirsh, of Barr township and Simon Gill, of Chest township, were named. On the first ballot Kirsh received 51 votes to Gill's 37 and Kirsh was declared the nominee.

Thomas Griffith Esq., of Ebensburg and R. S. Murphy, Esq., of Johnstown, were elected delegates to the State Convention.

A motion was made and carried authorizing the chairman of the convention and the candidates nominated to select the county chairman for the ensuing year.

Married.

TIBBOTT—BHEAM.—Married at Johnstown on Wednesday, August 17th, 1887, Mr. Richard Tibbott to Mrs. Nancy Bheam.

Obituary.

WHERRY.—Died at his home in Ebensburg, on Monday, August 15th, 1887, Mr. James Wherry, aged 55 years.

MORAN.—Died at the residence of her parents in Loretto, on August 5th, 1887, Clara, youngest daughter of Patrick and Elizabeth Moran, aged 19 years, 11 months and 20 days.

You came in the beautiful summer time,
On our Blessed Lady's day!
And never a blosom more sweet and fair
On our Lady's altar lay.
We trusted you then to her sheltering arms
And she guarded the treasure well,
Till the love overflowing her mother heart,
In a prayer from her pure lips fell,
My Jesus, a dear little sister of Thine
Is ready to come to Thee!
She is still in my arms, but the waves of the
May sweep her away from me. [world
I pray that her spirit unspotted be borne
From that region of sin away,
There are there in the path that are waiting
Then spare her that read, I pray. [her feet,
Oh! Could such a mighty and gracious King
Such a mother's prayer deny?
On his tender bosom, safe at last,
Oh best belov'd youthie!
The fragile flowers of summer time
Can bloom not in the snow,
More fitting the gardens of heaven by rest
For the rose that we cherished so. M.

M'MULLEN.—Died on July 27, 1887, Mrs. Susan McMullen and on August 10, 1887, Mr. James McMullen, of St. Augustine, the former aged 66 years and 10 months and the latter aged 75 years and 6 months.

The deceased were husband and wife and after a brief illness, within a fortnight of each other, they passed from this earthly stage of existance. They were both buried at St. Augustine, many friends following them to the silent city of the dead. Father Ryan, of St. Augustine, celebrated Requiem High Masses for both at the respective burials. Eleven children came to them as the years passed on and eight sons and three daughters—all married—remain to mourn their lose. They climbed the braes of the strong and sunny day of life hand in hand, and descended the slope of age together.

Up sunny braes of Jocund days
They climbed and toiled together;
Through all the years of hopes and fears,
Of fine and rainy weather.

When round the hearth, rang youthful mirth,
While winter blasts were blowing,
With parent joy on girl and boy,
Fond, tender care bestowing.

Their duty done, to daughter and son,
In hale old age they rested;
And passed the days in quiet ways,
Their souls in peace invested.

And when life's sun, its course had run
To western clouds of even,
Beyond the hills of human ills,
They found a home in heaven. A. D. H.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, on the 4th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, under Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and supplements thereto, by M. Denny, Jacob Vogel, Charles Tress, Andy Geagler and Max Stobler for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Alpenverchen," the character and and object of which is singing and promotion of music, and for those purposes to have, posses and enjoy the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid and its supplements.

SECHLER & GEORGE,
Aug. 12, 1887. Solicitors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration upon the estate of James McMullen, late of Chest Springs Borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.

T. B. MOONAN,
Aug. 19, 6t. Adm'r. of James McMullen, dec'd.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first and final account of P. F. Shaffer, assignee of Austin Hayes, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and will be confirmed by the said Court, on the first Monday of September next, unless cause can be shown to the contrary.

H. A. SHOEMAKER,
Aug. 12, 1887, 3t. Prothonotary.

YOU CAN FIND on file in PITTSBURGH at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents. THIS PAPER REMINGTON BROS. who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

Sheriff's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of Sundey writs of *Fieri Facias* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 5th day of September, 1887, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of M. L. Leary, of, in and to all, that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the borough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Fronting on Columbia street, on the west and running back to an alley, adjoining lot of John Broumbaugh on the north and lot of Daniel C. Little on the south, being one full sized lot as laid out in the plan and plot of said borough and known as lot No. 19, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house and other outbuildings now in the occupancy of M. L. Leary. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wells Whip Co.

Also, All the right, title and interest of Thos. Dumphy, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the village of St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Fronting on Main street, adjoining lots of the heirs of Jacob Moyer, deceased, on the east and west, lots of Joseph Adams, John Brand and others, containing one and one-half acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story dwelling house and store room and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Thomas Dumphy. Also, all the right, title and interest of Thomas Dumphy in a two-story plank house and other outbuildings, situated along the C. C. N. Y. S. R. R. R., at Dean station, Cambria county, Pa., now in the occupancy of Thomas Dumphy. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Anna Armanda Dumphy.

Also, All the right, title and interest of F. M. Bradley of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of ground situate in the borough of Tunnelhill, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the street and corner of Charles Wharton's lot and running north 10½ west along said Charles Wharton's lot 216 feet to a post; thence from said post north 17½ west 75 feet to a post; thence from said post south 10½ east 216 feet to a post on the street; thence from said post south 17½ east 75 feet to the place of beginning, containing three-fourths of an acre more or less having thereon erected a one and one-half story tenant house now in the occupancy of Robert Seamore, Joseph Sheadon and William Freeman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the People's Building and Loan Association, of Altoona, Pa.

Also, All the right, title and interest of George W. Flenner of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Adams township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Adjoining land of William Penrod on the east; lands of George Lamb on the west; land of William Custer on the north and by lands of others on the south, containing 50 acres more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, now in the occupancy of Samuel Flenner. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Commissioners of Cambria county.

Also, All the right, title and interest of H. C. Garman of, in and to all that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the East ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the corner of Triumph street and Poplar alley thence along the south side of Triumph street north 88 degrees west 14 perches and 77 links to a post; thence south 12 degrees east by a straight line until the same intersects the line of the land released to the Railroad Company; thence south 27 degrees east along the line of the land released to the Railroad Company until it intersects the corner of the said land released to Railroad Company and Poplar alley; thence north 2 degrees east along the west side of poplar alley to the place of beginning, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and outbuildings and a large two-story frame saw, planing and shingle mill and all machinery, now in the occupancy of H. C. Garman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of use of A. J. Driscoll and others.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two thirds on the confirmation of the deed.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
Aug. 5, 1887. Sheriff.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, the 7th day of September, A. D., 1887:

1st. The first and final account of Joseph S. Strayer, Esq., executor of John Z. Jones, decd.

2d. The second and final of J. L. Paterson, administrator of Samuel Eakes, deceased.

3. The first and partial account of Michael Myers and Elizabeth J. Vree, administrators of George M. Cree, deceased.

4. The first and final account of S. W. Miller, executor of Margaret Behe, deceased.

5. The first and final account of Thos. McDermitt executor of Ellen Constelly, deceased.

6. The first and partial account of John M. Rose, administrator of John Rose, deceased.

7. The first and final account of Benjamin F. James, guardian of Anna Mills, a daughter of James Mills, deceased.

8. The first account of Daniel Fitzpatrick, executor of Mary Fitzpatrick, deceased.

9. The first and final account of William Byers, executor of Joseph Burkhart, deceased.

10. The first and final account of John H. Fisher, guardian of Mary Horner, minor child Jefferson Horner, deceased.

11. The second account of Hiram and Lewis Orris, executors of George Orris, deceased.

12. The first account of Jacob C. Homer, guardian of Jacob Grafe, Edward Grafe, William Grafe and John Grafe, minor children of Mary Grafe and Jesse Grafe, deceased.

13. The first and partial account of William Warner, surviving administrator of John Warner, deceased.

14. The first and final account of Simon A. Weakland and Isaac Weakland, executors of John Weakland, deceased.

15. The first account of John A. Blair, executor of Dennis Brawley, deceased.

16. The account of Maude E. Scanlan, administratrix of John E. Scanlan, deceased, who was the guardian of Theo. W. Evans, a minor child of David H. Evans.

17. The account of Maude K. Scanlan, administratrix of John E. Scanlan, deceased, who was executor of the last will and testament of William Calian, deceased.

18. The account of Maude K. Scanlan administratrix of John E. Scanlan, deceased, who was executor of Teresa Scanlan, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Aug. 12, 1887. Register.

Widow's Appraisements.

Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of property appraised and set apart for widows of decedents, under the Act of Assembly of the 4th day of April, A. D., 1851, have been filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg in and for the County of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, the 7th day of September, A. D., 1887:

1. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property and real estate appraised and set apart for Rosanna Heldinfelier, widow of John B. Heldinfelier, deceased, $300.

2. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property and real estate appraised and set apart for Mary Ellen Farren widow of Dennis Farren, deceased, $300.

3. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Shiffbauer, widow of Adam Jacob Shiffbauer, deceased, $300.

4. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Strayer, widow of Joseph Strayer, deceased, $299.96.

5. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Ann Cooper, widow of James Cooper, deceased, $300.

Aug. 12, 1887. CEDESTINE J. BLAIR, Register.

TRIAL LIST.

SECOND WEEK, SEPTEMBER TERM, September 12th, 1887.

Crauer	vs.	Blair.
Mack	vs.	Grumbling.
Blaugh & Stutzman	vs.	H. & O. R. R. Co.
Strayer	vs.	Luther.
Lanig & Davidson	vs.	James.
Stutzman	vs.	Stonebraker.
Bowers	vs.	Kelly.
Sagder	vs.	Cole.
Krause	vs.	Rex.
Bendon	vs.	Barns.
Blaugh	vs.	Livingston.
Storm	vs.	Cooper.
Tallman	vs.	Dwelling House Insurance Co.
Dibert	vs.	Bradley.
McCoy	vs.	Bradley.
Gallespie	vs.	McCloskey.
Gallagher	vs.	C. C. C. & N. Y. S. R. R. Co.
Blaird	vs.	Strickland.
Tayler	vs.	McKenna.
Reed	vs.	Kittanning Ins. Co.
Kelly	vs.	Schmittle.
Goff	vs.	Walton.
Fowler	vs.	Strayer.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.
Aug. 12, 1887.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county. The undersigned having been appointed auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of Daniel Pugh, executor of David Evans, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg on Tuesday, August 23, 1887, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time and place all persons interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
Aug. 5, 3t. Auditor.

WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind done give the FREEMAN office a trial.

TRIAL LIST.

SPECIAL TERM, Fifth Monday August, 1887.

Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Lantzey, et al.
Condron, et al	vs.	McDermitt, et al.
Blair	vs.	Griffith, et al.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.
Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., July 29, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration on the Estate of William Litzinger, late of Loretto borough, Cambria County, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to

EUGENE LITZINGER,
B. W. LITZINGER,
Loretto, July 29, 1887. Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration DE BONIS NON CUM TESTAMENTO ANNEXO on the Estate of John Campbell, late of Chest township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

THOMAS M. CRAVEN,
Adm'r d. b. n. c. t. a. of John Campbell, dec'd.
St. Lawrence, Pa. July 29, 1887, 6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County. Estate of D. M. PRINGLE, deceased.

And now, June 13th, on motion of F. J. O'Connor, Attorney for Estate, C. L. Dick appointed Auditor to distribute funds in the hands of William Cole Administrator. PER CURIAM.

I will sit for the purpose above appointment at my Office, in Alma Hall, Johnstown, Penna., on Thursday, August 18th 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all parties interested may appear or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. CHAS. L. DICK,
July 29, 1887. Auditor.

NOTICE!

In the Orphans' Court of the County of Cambria. To the heirs and legal representatives of Matthew McMullen, deceased.

You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judge of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Matthew McMullen, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court, or show cause why a trustee should not be appointed to sell the same.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
July 22, 1887. 4t. Sheriff.

NOTICE!

To the heirs and legal representatives of Jeremiah McGonigle, deceased.

TAKE NOTICE that an inquest will be held at the late residence of Jeremiah McGonigle, deceased, in the borough of Lilly, in the County of Cambria, on Saturday, the 27th day of August next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according to law, at which time and place you are required to attend if you think proper.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
July 22, 1887, 4t. Sheriff.

NOTICE!

To the heirs and legal representatives of William J. McGuire, deceased.

TAKE NOTICE that an inquest will be held at the late residence of William J. McGuire, deceased, in the township of Clearfield, in the County of Cambria, on Friday, the 26th day of August next, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according to law, at which time and place you are required to attend if you think proper.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
July 22, 1887, 4t. Sheriff.

NOTICE!

To the heirs and legal representatives of David Youngkin, deceased.

TAKE NOTICE that an inquest will be held at the late residence of David Youngkin, deceased, in the township of Carroll, in the County of Cambria, on Thursday, the 25th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according to law, at which time and place you are required to attend if you think proper.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
July 22, 1887, 4t. Sheriff.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Foster W. Davis, Rachael Davis, } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County. No. 39, March Term. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, ss.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
To RACHAEL DAVIS, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before

Scenes in Norway.

Vardo is the most easterly town in Norway, located on an island of the same name in the Artic ocean, in latitude 70 degrees 20 minutes 36 seconds north. It is separated from the mainland by a channel two miles wide, and contains a population of about 2,000. It claims the most northern fort in all the world, which is garrisoned by sixteen men and has an armament of about an equal number of old fashioned cannon, making a man for each. The keystone of an arch over the entrance to the rampart bears the date "1737."

There being two public schools in the place, and I naturally having a curiosity to visit a seat of learning whose foundations were lashed by the Artic wave, I entered the larger of the two by a rear door, for there was no entrance from the street nor at either end. I was kindly and politely saluted by the teacher, and on entering the main room the pupils arose in a body and bowed to me. A seat was given me and a book was placed in my hand that I might follow the boys and girls through their reading lesson which was characterized in some measure by that doleful enunciation so often heard in rural schools. The girls wore the inevitable handkerchief about their heads. A bit of lithe cane in a corner represented the pedagoge mace. The rooms on this day, the 8th of July, were heated by coal stoves. The school contained four departments, under a male principal, and three assistant female teachers, all intelligent and wide awake. From the principal's room I passed to an adjoining one in charge of a bright and neatly attired young lady, who required her pupils to sing for me, and strove with graceful tact to make the exercises pleasant and intelligible to one totally ignorant of the language. It was almost pitiful to see some of the girl's caressing small bunches of puny dandelion blossoms that seemed as precious to them as a victoria regia would be to a southern maid. Others were nursing a few sprays of millefolium in bottles of water, and one could only wonder that so stunted and sparse a flora could beget any love for flowers at all; and yet geraniums and roses in windows of the better houses are not uncommon. Excepting a small and unimportant one at Hammerfest, this is the most northern school in the world, and after a pleasant hour therein I departed.

The remainder of the day I concluded to spend in visiting the whale "fabriks;" that is, the establishments for rendering whale blubber into oil and transforming the krang (flensed carcasses) into artificial guano. I have had occasion already to mention several of the most northern things in the world; here I discovered the most powerful stench in all Europe, and probably in the world, and yet I felt willing to brave it to witness a dissection of leviathans. There are around Vardo four or five establishments, each having several steam whalers constantly scouring the seas off the coast in pursuit of whales. Floating in the channel before the different factories were forty flensed carcasses, some swollen to enormous proportions. Two large whales, one seventy-five feet in lenght, were drawn out on the shore, one with the blubber newly removed, the other fresh from the water. Several men mounted the latter by a ladder and clambered about on its smooth, slippery skin by means of sharp spikes attached to the soles of their boots; with blubber knives two feet in length in long wooden handles, they made transverse incisions as deep as the blubber—about twelve inches in this case and five or six feet long, and then running the cut longitudinally for thirty feet, a blanket of fat was ready for removal; a chain was attached to the farther end, and by the power of a windlass in the factory this prodigious slab of blubber, weighing several tons, was slowly torn from the carcass. This process was continued till the flensing was completed. In the factory the blubber is cut into small pieces forthe "frying out" pots. The flesh of the flensed carcass is then cut down into large pieces that are dragged and pitched with flesh hooks to small cars; it is then taken to drying furnaces, where it is rendered friable. When the flesh and viscera have been removed, the work of chopping down the flinty forest of bones is commenced; the bones are also subjected to the drying furnace, and when perched are ground together with the flesh into a powder, which is barreled and shipped to all parts of Europe as a fertilizer.

What a Squirrel Did.

The children of James Wainwright, of San Fracisco, have a little chipmunk for a pet. Not long ago the animal injured one of its fore feet by becoming entangled in a strand of thread. The inflamation of the foot attracted the attention of Mr. Wainwright, who found that the thread was wound around the member. He cut the thread off, but the wound did not heal, and in a few days the flesh dropped off and left the bone exposed. The little animal then went to work and did a most remarkable thing. He bit off or amputated the foot at what would correspond with the wrist joint. In the course of a few days the bone still remained uncovered because no provision had been made for a flap of the flesh to cover it. The chipmunk displayed a wonderful knowledge of surgery. With his nose he turned back the flesh and bit off a piece of the bone above the end of the flesh, so that it projected beyond the flesh. In two weeks it had healed up and looked as perfect as if a surgeon had done the work.

Why the Cow Died.

In Scotland and the North of Ireland the saying of "the tune that the cow died of" is very common in the mouth of the peasantry, though all who use it may not understand its origin. It arose out of an old song:

"There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider:
This is no time of the year for the grass to grow—
Consider, good cow, consider."

The old cow died of hunger, and when its lay grotesquely melancholy tune or song is uttered the North Country people say: completely the tune the cow died of."

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The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. F. A. Miller, 630 East 150th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month and regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and and of the most respected citizens of Bridgport, Conn., says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds.

Mrs. T. A. Solomns, of 130 Halliday St., Jersey City, writes: My son Harry eleven years, was cured of Malaria by Kaskine, after fifteen months' illness, when we had given up all hope.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
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clears out rats, mice, roaches flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, queasness, in digestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quiex, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, epralits, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh.
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1

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Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Luckett,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15.

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00.
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15.
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24.
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30.
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.36.
Luckett,	7.36	10.32	3.45.
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00.

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20.
Wildwood	9.28	5.33.
Dawson,	9.32	5.36.
Dunsbury,	9.43	5.44.
Ashville,	9.52	5.51.
Millside,	10.00	5.57.
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01.
Condron,	10.10	6.05.
Dean,	10.16	6.09.
Frugality,	10.27	6.21.
Shirley,	10.35	6.23.
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25.
Flynn City,	10.49	6.34.
Rosebud,	11.01	6.45.
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45.
Irvona,	11.10	6.50.

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.30	7.00
Rosebud,	2.36	7.05.
Coalport,	2.28	7.07.
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16.
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25.
Shirley,	3.00	7.27.
Frugality,	3.06	7.32.
Dean,	3.15	7.41.
Condron,	3.20	7.45.
Dysart,	3.24	7.49.
Millside,	3.28	7.52.
Ashville,	3.35	8.00.
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05.
Dawson,	3.52	8.14.
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17.
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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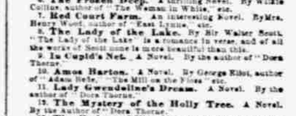
ROBERT EVANS.



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The Wigmaker's Establishment.

The sign "Combings made up," in a showcase in which was displayed an assortment of wigs, toupees, waves, bangs, and false arrangements of hair of every conceivable pattern and color, caused a reporter to ascend to the second story of a building in Brooklyn the other day. He found a pretty girl sitting at a table on which lay peculiar loooking combs and brushes and many litttle packages of hair.

"What are combings, and how are they made out?" asked the scribe.

"Have you ever noticed the cardboard recepticles, trimmed with ribbon, that ladies hang near their toilet tables? Well, all that the comb pulls out in the hair are placed in those receivers. When a quantity is gathered they are brought to us or some other hair artist and made up into bangs, waves or switches, that will perfectly match the rest of the hair. We take the combings and arrange them in orderly bunches, like the kind we buy, and then make up as ordered. Watch how I make a bang."

The girl placed the peices of elastic between two supports so that they were stretched from four to ten inches in length. Then she took wisps of hair about four inches long and deftly fastened them doubled on the elastic. Fify of these on the elastics made a strip of hair eight inches long. The girl then gave each lock of hair a twirl with her fingers and it curled beautifully; then the elastics were taken off the supports. The result was a bang of curly hair four inches long and ready to be worn.

"The hair curls because it is curly hair," said the girl. "We buy it so or lanky, as we want it. It costs about 50 cents a bunch, and a package will make a bang, sometimes two. On a spurt I can make five dozen or so a day. Bangs retail for abaut $1.50 each. Waves are made of longer hair. They take more time in making and sell from $4 up, according to the fineness of the hair, pattern and many other things. No, we don't make any chignons now, but perhaps we may soon, for the Grecian bend bustles are coming back, and waterfalls may come with them. Good morning.

Fast Walking Farm Horses.

Profits are small on all farm products and all kinds of live stock at present, and the farmer who makes money on any investment in his direct line of business, or by raising crops or stock, must watch the corners closely and prevent, if possible, anything that partakes of the nature of waste. The economy of time is one of the things to be looked after as closely as anything else, and which the kind of horses that are kept has considerable to do with. Compare the distance travelled in a day by a strong, sturdy, fast-walking team with that which a slow, creeping team will travel, and the difference will be surprising. If this difference of a day is so noticeable, what must that of a year or the average lifetime of a horse be? If the slow team pulls a plough or draws a load but twenty miles per day, while the other covers twenty-five miles with as little fatigue, it is easy to calculate what the difference would be in a year, and how long it would take to gain a whole year's time by using the active instead of the slothful horses. As the most of farm work is done at the walking gait, it is then the duty of the farmer to look after the walking qualities of the horses he breeds, as much as it is for those who breed fast horses to look after the speed-producing qualities of the horses they rear. While much depends upon the training of a horse as to whether he is a fast walker or not, there is a great deal in the breeding. Some horses are naturally fast walkers, and, like natural fast trotters or pacers, can stand to work at their natural gait much better than those which acquired the habit of walking fast by being pushed. Active, energetic horses, with an inclination for getting over the ground with a strong, square walk, will be more apt to produce colts that will be a success in this direction, than clumsy horses with sleepy dispositions, and these points should be considered when selecting for breeding purposes.

The Discovery of Spectacles.

Fewer inventions have conferred a greater blessing on the human race that that which assists impaired vision. Dr. Johnson rightly expressed his surprise that such a benefactor as the discoverer of spectacles snould have been regarded with indifference, and found no worty biographer to celebrate his ingenuity. Unfortunately, however, his name is a matter of much uncertainty; and, hense, a grateful posterity have been prevented from bestowing upon his memory that honor which it has so richly merited, But it may be noted that popular opinion has long pronounced in Spina, a Florentine monk, as the rightful claimant, although some are in favor of Rodger Bacon. Monsiur Spoon, in his "Researches Curieuses d'Antidulte," fixes the date of the invention of specticles between the years 1280 1311, and says that Alexander de Spina, having seen a pair made by some other person, who was unwilling to communicate the secret of their construction, ordered a pair for himself, found them so useful that he cheerfully and promptly made the invention public. According to an Italian antiquary, the person to whom Spina was indebted for his information was Salvino, who died in the year 1318, and he quotes from a manuscript in his posession an epitaph which records the circumstance: "Here lies Salvino Armota d'Armati, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318."

Proper Bible Wine.

Alfred Speer, who has large vineyards near Passaic, N. J., is extensively engaged in preserving Unfermented Grape Juice from the Oporto Grapes and supplies it to many religious societies for communion purposes. The following is from Dr. John Ellis, who has written several works on Bible wine: "The writer obtained from Mr. Speer a bottle of his Unfermented Wine and found it a very yiessant and nutritious wine. A chemist put a portion of this wine into a retort and distilled and condensed about one third of the contents of the retort. The distilled had neither the smell nor the taste of alcohol, nor did chemical tests indicate any trace of alcohol."

HEARTLESS CRUELTY

It is to delude a poor sufferer into the belief that some worthless liniment will cure rheumatism and neuralgia. Honesty is the best policy in the manufacture of proprietary articles as in all other matters, and the fact that the proprietors of Athlophoros have never claimed for it even all its merit would warrant has not a little to do with its wonderful popularity, and the thousands of grateful testimonials received by them show that their policy has been wise as well as right.

Experience has amply demonstrated that mere outward applications are worthless. The disease has its seat in the blood, and any remedy to be successful must deal with the obstructive acid which poisons and inflames it.

Athlophoros acts on the blood, muscles and joints directly. It takes the poison out of the blood and carries it out of the system; it invigorates the action of the muscles and limbers the stiffness of the joints. It reaches the liver and kidneys, cleansing them from irritating substances, and, if followed up after the rheumatic conditions cease, it will restore these organs to regularity and health.

West Chazy, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1886.

Yours of August 14th, is at hand, and in reply would say that Athlophoros proved the most effectual remedy for neuralgia in the case of my son that I ever tried. After using half a bottle he was not troubled any more for six months.
HENRY HARRIS.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Aug. 10, 1886.

I am thankful that I tried Athlophoros. I had rheumatism seven years, part of the time could not move; but to-day I am well and hearty. I write this hoping some other sufferer may try it.
W. S. FLEMING.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

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—AND—
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For 25 cents we will send the FAMILY VISITOR for SIX months. This paper has been published for years, and contains 8 columns of valuable reading, including illustrated stories, poetry, hints and helps for the household, practical receipts, fancy work, fashions and other features. In addition we will send free to each subscriber an Initial Stencil and Stationery Marker, consisting of a beautiful Initial mounted on a handle, and a bottle of indelible Ink and Pad. This is an invaluable article for every household, as it will mark anything that will wash or boil out. State what initial you want when order is sent. Address as above, enclosing 25c. in stamps or Postal Note and inclose paper and premium will be sent by return mail. THE FAMILY VISITOR, Philadelphia, Penna.

ROAD TO RUIN
A beautiful Temperance Picture. Old and young, rich and poor, all are interested in and constantly discussing the question. Shows the first step, first drink, first glass of beer, the progress of drinking, destroyer of home, the work of the Red Cross Reformation, and the natural results of drinking. Endorsed by Mrs. Frances E. Willard and others of the W. C. T. U. It is not a cheap, worthless thing but a genuine work of art. Printed in 12 colors on fine plate paper, size 22x28. Agents and all others ready to hang on the wall. Sells at sight. Thousands being sold. Send 50c. for specimen copy and terms to agents. Address H. W. KELLEY, 711 Sansom St., Phila'a, Pa. Mention this paper.
AGENTS WANTED.

TUTT'S PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING,
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacture to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

Important to Canvassers.
WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to canvass for one of the largest, best-known Nurseries in the country. Best liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Prices low. Geneva Nursery. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y.

The Pennsylvania Force-Feed — Fertilizer GRAIN Drill.
Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for circular.
A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

"There Were Great Men in Those Days."

An opinion was current, in the last century, that our ancestors, at some time in the past, were the equals superiors in size to the largest men now to be found. M. Henrion presented to the Academic des Inscriptions, in 1718, a memoir on the variations in the size of man from the beginning of the world till the Christian era, in which Adam was given one hundred and twenty three feet nine inches. But after the first pair, the human race, in its imagination, suffered a regular decrease, so that Noah was only one hundred feet high, while Abraham shrank down to twenty-eight feet, Moses to thirteen feet, the almighty Hercules to ten feet eight and a half inches, and Alexander the Great to a bare six feet and a half. The communication, it is said, was received with enthuiasm, and was regarded, at the time as a "wonderful discovery" and a sublime vision."

The complaint about the degencracy of the human race is not new, but dates as far back as the time of Homer, at least; for the men of his day were not like the heroes of whom he sang. It is not confirmed, but is contradicted by all the tangible facts, and these are not a few. Human remains that are exhumed, after having reposed in the grave for many centures, as in the Catacombs of Paris, have nothing gigantic about them. The armor, the cuirasses, and the casques of the warriors of the middle ages, can be worn by modern soldiers; and many of the khights' suits would be too small for the cuirassiers of the European armies; yet they were worn by the selected men, who were better fed, stronger and more robust than the rest of the population. The bones of the ancient Gauls, which are uncovered in the excavations of Tumuli, while they are of large dimensions, are comparable with those of the existing populations of many places in France.

The Egyptian mummies are the remains of persons of small or medium stature, as are also the Peruvian and Mexican mummies, and the mummies and bones found in the ancient monuments of India and Persia. And even the most ancient relics we possess of individuals of the human species the bones of men who lived in the Teriary period, an epoch the remote antiquity of which goes back for hundreds of centuries, do not show any important differences in the sizes of the primitive and of the modern man.

The Shooting of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville.

After midnight fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his staff to reconnoiter in front of the line he had gained. It was his idea to stretch completely around in the rear of Hooker and cut him off from the river.

The night was dark and Jackson soon came upon the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and as he returned in the darkness, his own soldiers began firing at their commander, of course, mistaking his party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand and wrist, and in the upper arm at the same time. His horse turned, and the general lost his hold of the bridle-rein; his cap was brushed from his head by the branches; he reeeled, and was caught in the arms of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dismount, his wound was examined, and a litter was brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again, and a murderous fire came down upon the party through the woods and the darkness. One of the litter-bearers stumbled and fell, and the others were frightened; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail. Jackson attempted to rise, but his aid-de-camp held him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then the wounded General was helped to rise, and walked a few steps in the forest; but he became faint, and was laid again on his litter. Once he rolled to the ground, when an assistant was shot, and the litter fell. Just then General Pender, one of his subordinates, passed; he stopped and said:

"I hope you are not seriously hurt General. I fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much broken."

But Jackson looked up at once and exclaimed:

"You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!"

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne some distance to the nearest house, and examined by the surgeon; and after midnight his left arm was amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant had been wounded, he was greatly distressed, for the relations between them were almost tender.

"Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I have lost my right arm."

The Sensations of the Dying.

It is doubtless the case that in many instances—and perhaps they are the majority—dying persons lapse gradually into an unconsciousness that ends their bodily pain, and saves them from the anguish of the final parting with those they leave behind. It is not uncommon, however, for clearness of comprehension to persist to the last, and perhaps it is still more common for some of the special senses to preserve their activity. We think it was Eruest Wagner who, in his "General Pathology," dwelt particularly on the preservation of the sense of hearing in many cases long after the apparent occurrence of unconsciousness, and who tenderly cautioned, his readers that this possibility should be borne in mind. The following touching account of the late Dr. Wilson Fox's last moments, when his friend, Dr. J. Russell Reynolds, was at his bedside, is given in the *Lancet's* obituary: "On the next morning, when obviously and consciously dying, and after his eyes had been fixed for a few minutes on the angle of the room, and as some gray streaks of dawn were entering it, he said suddenly: 'There is a great light, a great glare of light. * * * I feel so strange * * * a glare of light. What is it, Reynolds?' The reply was: 'It is the peace of God.' He grasped his friend's hand firmly and said: 'God bless you.'"

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.
As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.

TRUE WORTH

The Value of a Fertilizer is not alone in its own richness, but also in its effect upon the other constituents of the soil. A fertilizer may be rich in estimated value, and still a poor crop producer. ANIMAL BONE is the natural fertilizer intended to keep up the fertility of the land. The proper combination of plant food derived from animal bones, in

BAUGH'S $25 Phosphate

makes it "second to none" in crop value. Its excellence is well known to those who use it.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The best Cough Cure you can use.
And the best preventive known for Consumption. It cures bodily pains, and all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TON